

DISCORDER



JUNE 1992

OUT

FREE

ESP FAIR

BUFFALO TOM

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That Sassy Magazine From CTR 101.9 fm



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DISCORDER

JUNE 1992 · ISSUE #113

"I hardly had time to get dressed, put my wig on and get to the Dufferin." — overheard on the Hastings St. bus.

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COVER

Mark Pilon—that's french, you know—had nothing better to do and we had zero ideas for a cover so he zipped up this baby in a couple minutes. Hey, it's a collage...dummy up!

OFFICE USE ONLY

EDITOR Paul (Kurdit) Brooks CO-EDITOR Chris Kobalman ART DIRECTOR Deborah Lovingbrooke-Price PRODUCTION MANAGER Lovia Schymansky EDITORIAL/PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS Mindy Lovebramowitz, Lisa Lovesje, Anthony Hempell-Kobal, Robynn Lovewata, Rosanne Nasser-Love, Mark(obain) Pilon, Chris Uren, Steve Weiss GRAPHICS Mark Pilon, Gary Wildeman, Anthony Hempell PROGRAM GUIDE Chris Uren SPINLIST Mindy Lovebramowitz ADVERTISING Anthony Hempell-Kobal LOCAL DISTRIBUTION Matt Kobalnick SUBSCRIPTIONS/MAIL DISTRIBUTION Linda Love(lace)Scholten STATESIDE DISTRIBUTION/DATEBOOK Randy Iwatale TECHNICAL SUPPORT Sue'n'Bill PUBLISHER Mr. Kevin "Teen Spirit" Smith ACCOUNTS Linda Love(lace)Scholten

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LIFE WITH THE FAMILY ENNDYE

SOME MISTAKES FADE, SOME WALK AROUND CARS AT THE SAFEWAY, MY OLD BOYFRIEND SPOTTED US AND SIDLED UP FOR A QUICK CHAT. IN THE OLD DAYS HE FANCIED HIMSELF A HOOD, HE'D COME IN LYING AND LEAVE ON THE LAM. HIS MISDEEDS WERE MINOR: PILFERING, UNPAID BILLS, WELFARE SCAMS. WE JUMPED OFF HIS TRAIN WHEN HE BEGAN SELLING DOPE. SUDDENLY HE WAS ON A PAR WITH THOSE GROTTY LITTLE KIDS ONE LOATHED IN SCHOOL WHO BASELY TRAPPED US INTO A TOLERANCE OF THEIR COMPANY WITH STOLEN CANDIES, DIRTY GOSSIP AND SMUTTY MAGAZINES. HE USED THAT TIRED EXCUSE FOR LIVING ON WELFARE "THE GOVERNMENT'S CORRUPT, I'LL FUCK THEM AROUND ANYWAY I CAN, ETC." DOES HE STAY IN HIS PAD WATCHING TELLY AND FORCING BORED "CUSTOMERS" TO PHONE, TO CREEP FURTIVELY TO HIS HIDEY-HOLE, TO STAY AND SOCIALIZE, SIMPLY TO AVOID DRIVING HIS CAR THUS SAVING THE ENVIRONMENT? DOES HE? "HOW HAVE YOU?" HE ENQUIRED, FIXING HIS EYES ON OUR HANDS WHILE TURNING HIS HEAD EXTREMELY SIDEWAYS. "HAVE I WOT?" SAY EYE. "LOOK I USE CLIPPED SENTENCES, O.K.?" HE SMILED SECRETLY AND WROTE ON A LITTLE NOTEPAD, MAKING ENTRIES UNDER THE TIME, THE DATE, AND THE NAME OF THE INVESTIGATING OFFICER. MY FATHER ONCE LIKENED BOYS TO VIOLENTLY SHAKEN SODA-POP BOTTLES. THIS KILLED MY INTEREST IN DATING BOYS. I SET MY SIGHTS ON MEN OF 30 YEARS AND UPWARD. I FOUND THEM TO BE...TROUBLED. MY FATHER LIKENED OLDER MEN TO CONFIDENCE TRICKSTERS: "DON'T LISTEN TO WHAT THEY SAY, WATCH WHAT THEY DO," HE SAID. "IF IT LOOKS RISHY, SLAM THE DOOR ON THEIR FOOT." MY OLD BOYFRIEND SAID GOODBYE AT THE CORNER, CLAIMING AN INABILITY TO CROSS IT DUE TO UNHAPPY MEMORIES. HE TICKED US OFF ON THE NOTEPAD AND SHOWED IT DOWN HIS TROUSERS. WE WERE SOLVED SO WE WALKED AWAY.

PATIENCE AND PRUDENCE ENNDYE

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present another fabulous PR opportunity:

"THE DEMO MADE ME DO IT!"

The National Campus/Community Radio Conference is hosting a session where local musicians and bands can meet Music and Program Directors from alternative radio stations across Canada. The meeting will be held from 4:30 to 6 pm on Tuesday July 7 in the Student Union Building at UBC. Bring your press releases, bios, and most importantly, your demos and/or CDs (up to 35 of them) and anything else of interest to the collective big cheeses of Canadian campus/community radio. This offer is open to musi-



FREE!

cians of any genre or style, not just indie-rock guitar bands: reggae, folk, blues, industrial...anything that isn't supported

by mainstream media. This event will save you a whole lot of postage, you'll get to meet the movers and shakers in person, and you'll be updated on the NCRA's ongoing negotiations with SOCAN regarding indie

music's struggle to receive the royalties they deserve from the money we pay to play it. We'll also be talking about the CRTC's proposal to change Can-Con regulations and what this means to you. And if you just can't make it, give Mindy a call at 822-3017 and we will be happy to distribute the material for you. So don't just sit there and whine, *do something!*

**JULY 7
4:30-6:00
S.U.B., UBC**





Not long ago I was reading a piece called "Three Notes On Radio" by Patrick Ready in the Western Front. In one of the "notes" he muses on the possibility of seeing radio waves; "they go around and through things more easily than light waves and we can only imagine what the world would look like." Our eyes would be like portable x-ray machines, a frightening and somewhat amusing notion (so that's what you had for lunch).

Well, obviously we can only hear airwaves, and now more than ever communities across Canada, in big cities and small towns, want to hear radio that's different from the homogenized monotony on mainstream airwaves. You know the old Gershwin tune that goes, "Johnny could only sing one note..." Radio land hungers for more.

Consequently, Campus/Community radio is growing stronger every year. Back in 1981 the National Campus/Community Radio Association (NCRA) was formed in response to the rapid growth of community-oriented radio and to act as an umbrella organization to represent the interests of community broadcasters and station administrators at the National level; a collective voice to speak to gov-

ernments, the record industry, special interests groups, etc.... Every year, since 1981, the NCRA has gathered its members, and interested individuals and organizations, for a conference on the practice and issues facing community-oriented radio.

So, while Vancouver takes a breather between the Jazz and Folk Music festivals some 200 of these broadcasting insurgents will slip into town to attend sessions and workshops, brainstorm, debate and ultimately network and exchange information and resources. It is also a time to celebrate alternative communication and culture. CTR is the proud host station for this year's conference which runs from July 6-11.

If you're interested in CTR radio and want to know more call us at 822-9358. If you're a musician and you want to get your demo tape distributed and meet the big cheeses of CTR radio—hey, why not poets and other audio artists as well—then come to "The Demo Made Me Do It" session on Tues. July 7 from 4:30-6pm. Check out the ad on the opposing page and we'll keep you posted on special events around town (keep the Cruel Elephant in mind).

On a different note (no pun

intended), you might have noticed that Disorder has been pretty thin in size over the last couple of issues and this is with no thanks to our printers who have bumped up their rates again. So, for the summer months we'll be decreasing our circulation to 17,500, from the regular 20,000, in hopes that we can still put out the thick quality time we pride ourselves on. Any printers out there looking for work? Give me a call.

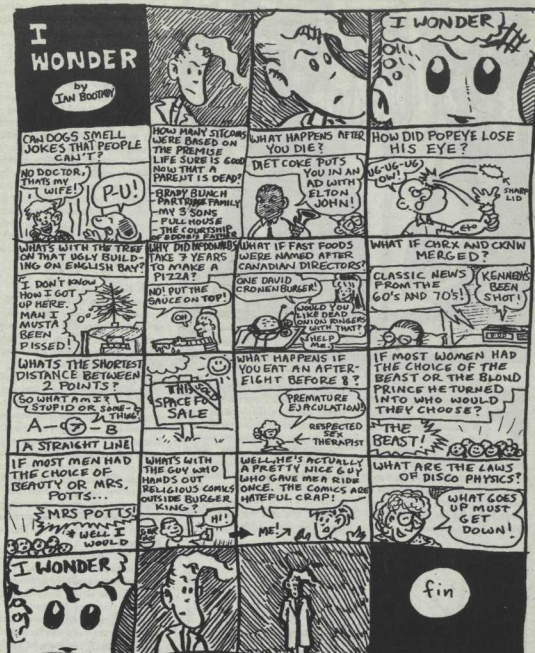
Well, we had a lot of response to the local crossword puzzle contest — "Mine's Fucking Right" — and our 3 lucky winners are: Garry Penzgyrasse of Vancouver, Mike Chang of Vancouver, and Betty Purry of Seattle, WA. All will be receiving their goodies in the mail very soon and Betty Purry should be additionally surprised as she is the recipient of the Mojo prize! Thanks to everybody that took the time to enter and congratulations to our winners. Keep an eye out for more contests in Disorder's future reads.

Just a reminder that Disorder is still sticking to its guns with our editorial more to not publish the noun describing the sound bellowing from Seattle right now — it has forthwith been replaced by the word "chestnut" — or to publish the name of the band from Aberdeen which became so famous off it. Don't like it? Lump it.

And yet one last note: Joy will be our ALL-LOCAL ISSUE, featuring interviews and articles with and about local-area talent. We will be including our first ever Local Music Directory with listings of contacts, addresses, and phone numbers of the people involved in making our music scene happen. DON'T BE OVERLOOKED!!! The only way you can insure that your band, business, or service will be included is for you to fill out the form on this page and mail or fax it to us before June 15. This is an excellent opportunity to open up and de-mythify the business side of local music, and to let people know who you are and where you can be found. ETTM

LOLLAPALOSERS

Dearest Airhead,
Let me start off by saying that I'm



into recycling as much as the next guy, except in one case, and that is the dreaded recycling of concert reviews. This was obviously the case with your review of the Violent Femmes April 7 show at the Commodore Ballroom.

In Grant Lawrence's review he tells the jaded tale of the headbeated beer can thrower, and how the band left the stage only to return some fifteen minutes later to resume the fun and games for the happy-go-lucky FANS!! It's a damn good thing I didn't shell out the \$27 for this show because it sounds frighteningly similar to the Femmes show that I saw back on August 29! Some first beer can, same second beer can (even the brand of the beer can was the same!), they even had the same guy jumping up on stage telling the crowd to not "chuck shit on the band, it's not cool." Coincidence? I think not.

So what's the scoop people? Did you just simply fuck up? Are you a fuck up? Perhaps the frenzy of shows that have been blowing threw town left you with no time to really review them all, so you resorted to digging

through the vaults for previous reviews? Please let us, your trusting readers, know.
D. Clay
North Vancouver

What a preposterous thought. I'll bet you haven't noticed that the Violent Femmes have released their first album 4 separate times over the past 9 years either.

@STUD DURING HEDS@



EVERY MORNING AFTER MR. MULLIGAN HAS LEFT FOR WORK HIS SLOTH WOULD MAKE HIS WAY UP THE HALL, ACROSS THE LIVING ROOM AND OVER TO THE FRUIT DISH ONLY TO BE SCOLDED AND DRAGGED BACK.

DISORDER LOCAL MUSIC DIRECTORY

PLEASE FILL OUT THIS FORM LEGIBLY AND RETURN IT TO US BEFORE JUNE 15

You are (check one, please) ☐ band/musical ☐ promoter ☐ record label ☐ record distributor ☐ live music venue ☐ manager ☐ studio ☐ other (please elaborate: _____)

NAME _____

DESCRIPTION (15 words or less) _____

CONTACT _____

ADDRESS _____

PHONE/FAX _____

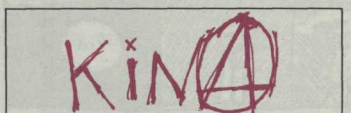
OK, so you mail this to us @ #223-6138 SUB Blvd, Vancouver, B.C. V6T 2L1 or fax it to us at (604) 822-9017 - get it? Good!



MINIS

From Aosta, tucked away in the northern Italian Alps, emerges Kina. Since their beginnings, in the early '80s, they have been an integral and active contributor to the independent anarcho-hardcore circle in that country, joined in the later years by such groups as Panico, Wretched and Inferno. Kina bassist/vocalist (Gianni Capra responds to our questions.

to play and take your money. We produce our records ourselves and have always done them ourselves. We produce our own music to be free to do what we want to do: the songs as we want, sleeve notes that we want, to design covers as we want, to write what we want. You can only have this freedom when it's your producing your records. You can sell them at the price you want, where you want.



BY LLOYD ULIANA AND KAREN TODDINGTON

HISTORY

Aosta is a very small city of 30,000 people, 20 km from Switzerland and 30 km from France. No scene exists here...not when we started, not now, and I think (laughs) not ever. We were very lucky to have made many contacts in Turin, which was picking up when we were beginning in 1981, with the first hardcore groups. We had the opportunity of assisting in the creation of that scene: we organized the first shows...the first self-produced shows.

We weren't blessed with a scene; everything was generated from within...by our willingness to escape from this void that exists in our city. Aosta resembles the economy of Switzerland more than that of Italy. In Aosta it's impossible to be unemployed, everyone's got work and are well paid. For that reason, what we do has always been difficult to understand for an Aostano.

THE ITALIAN INDEPENDENT SCENE

There are many interesting things that are happening and our philosophies allow us the opportunity to come into contact with many people who think exactly like us...which is good. In reality, hardcore no longer represents a means of doing things differently. An alternative scene, a true alternative scene in hardcore, no longer exists. There are interesting things but, in general, the hardcore scene is truly stupid. Lots of groups with nothing to say. They're just there

This choice that we made years ago is very burdensome, but I wouldn't do it differently. I prefer making music this way and I want it to remain my way of making music. It gives me a lot of satisfaction. It's tiring, very tiring, but I like it this way and I'm proud of the records.

PUBLIC APATHY

Italy, in general, has changed very much. People aren't very involved in politics. I can't understand it. There's much delusion...much unhappiness. Many people who thought they could change the world, after some time, realized the world changed them.

NORTH AND SOUTH CONFLICTS

There are many problems between north and south...not so much between industrial and rural zones. We have a hard time understanding it ourselves, so for a foreigner it's impossible to understand what happens here. I can only say that this north-south situation finds its roots in the pages of history.

The north has always been tied to continental Europe. The Lombardy region—Milan, Venice—were under Austrian rule while Turin and Aosta were under France. The south has always been influenced by the Arab world more than the Latin culture of Rome. And they've always been someone's colony: the Spanish, the French, the English. They've always been ripped off by someone. Italy has only been

united for the past hundred years, which is a very short time. Every region has their dialect. For me, something that may seem important may, for someone in Sicily, have no value and vice versa. It's truly difficult to communicate. Plus, there exists this enormous problem—the mafia. The mafia has come to control the economies and the politics of three regions: Sicily, Calabria and Campania. There exists no possibility to control their activities because the mafia is part of the political system. The mafia controls the police...controls everything state-owned. The money they raise is being invested in the north and the mafia is beginning to penetrate into the economy of the north. The mafia is a big problem and it's destroying everything that is healthy in southern Italy...completely ruining the minds and lives of millions of people.

THE KUWAITI CRISIS

I think Italians are becoming more ignorant, as people are allowing themselves to be controlled by the newspapers and by TV. They allow themselves to be controlled and manipulated by the mass media. Clearly, the Italian government was in favor of entering the war. There were a few voices of opposition, a daily and a weekly newspaper, but they were very isolated and criticized by the rest of the Italian press who saw the war as if it was a game of soccer. For me, it was a very sad time. I would never have thought to have lived in an Italy that went to war against a nation that we sold arms to, where Italy constructed roads, where we had commercial trade set up six months earlier. This was disgraceful.

We, Italians were bombed by the Americans between '43 and '45, we know what it means to be destroyed...to have people killed under their collapsing houses because of an idiot...a tyrannical murderer. We had Mussolini, the Iraqis had Saddam. The Iraqis fought very hard against Saddam. They were massacred in a month of hellfire and then massacred by the fascist troops of Saddam.

We in the western world bear the blame for the millions of dead in Iraq. I don't know when we'll be able to turn the page on those six weeks. We paid, we told, arms to a murderer, plus we destroyed a population. Perhaps in the history of humanity, it's one of the most horrible things we have seen.

THE ENVIRONMENT

As a group we don't do anything. On a personal level, I'm a physiotherapist. I work on illnesses that prohibit movement, and in this environment I do my share. I work with natural therapies: homeopathic and herbal medicines. I try to explain to people that chemical medicines are useless and that there are natural medicines that are much more useful and in respect of nature.

We can truly live in health without having to consume synthetic and preserved foods and without using chemicals derived from petroleum or dead minerals. This is the manner in which I contribute, plus I try to use my mountaineering as much as I can and drive as little as possible. It's not much, but in my power, it's what I can do.

Kina's records are available through their own label, Blu Bus Records, which also serves as a distributor of many hard-to-find European hardcore releases including Milan's T.V.O.R. Records (Crashbox, Indigesti, Negazione). Write:

Blu Bus Records
Sergio Milani
Avondo 1
11100 Aosta
Italy

My Rock 'n' Roll Weekend With... Dose Pump by Mark Kleiner

"No sex please, we're British," quipped Flare in perfect drift Cockney as the tapes began to roll.

"Isn't that spesh-ah!" I volleyed back with my best Church Lady. The setting: Pro Street Studio, Vancouver. The event? Dose Pump Recording Session of "I Don't Wanna Know," a new anthem ballad slated for inclusion on their forthcoming independent release, *Perez Wheatpains*, my liaison to the group had sent word my way that keyboard stylings were needed on the track. Arrangements were made and on one balmy weekend I found myself in the studio surrounded by Vince, Guy, Yoda, Davis and Flare—Dose Pump—as I sat behind my Yamaha Electric Piano.

"Alright, Mr. Keys," Vince said, putting it all on the line, "show us what you got." What followed was an impromptu jam of everything from "Train Kept a Rollin'" to such Starfaxes as "Hold On I'm Comin'" and "Walkin' the Dog." The Memphis undertone to the whole experience was only one of the surprises that awaited me while my weekend as, if you will, "the sixth Pumpster" unfolded. Of course, most of what went on is too raucy for publication anywhere, but I'll tell you *Discoorder* faithful in a few of the tastier ribs.

All five of the boys made me feel welcome as they led me around the studio digs that had, in the previous months of recording, become their "second home," to quote Vince. Guitarist Davis showed me his 1 to 100 scale replica of the Champ d'Elysees in Paris, France, constructed from the campy Du Maurier packets littering the studio floor. It turns out he left a lady-love behind there on a whirlwind visit years before, a heart-meat that never completely healed.

There's no real reason to give a shout-out to a band that has only released two seven-inch singles in their brief history, right? Wrong. Especially when those singles have been Zippin's "Together Dumb" b/w "Cool in the Cell," and "Ten." Both singles feature fast-paced, guitar-driven rock 'n' roll, man. And both have irrelevant qualities that bands like the Smiths or Fugazi could use a giant dose of.

"Zippin," says guitarist Neil Rodgers, "has only been around for ten months." And the two singles the band has done to date have not made Zippin a household name. The first Zippin release, "Ten," was a one-sided, packaging nightmare which lent also of credence to the idea that a record should not be judged by its cover. Anyway, the thing was given away for free.

"That was just a give away," says Mr. Rodgers. "We made 500 of those then gave them away in the club at one of our gigs. And if you ever bought anything mail order from cMPT Records, you got that single for free."

But that just wasn't democratic enough for the Zippin boys, who don't believe anyone should be deprived of quality rock 'n' roll. Then we realized that the kids couldn't get a hold of the record so we left a bunch of them in record stores; and if you were under 21 you could pick them up for free."

The second Zippin offering, "Together Dumb," is a superior effort if only because of its visual aesthetics. The single features cover art by Joe Newton of Gas Huffer, and also comes with a 3 1/2" shot. And that's good because lead singer Robbo (no last name given) obviously attended the Kurt Cobain School of Indecipherable Lyrics. Musically, both "Together Dumb" and B-side, "Cool in the Cell," maintain the standards established by "Ten." Loud, fast, energetic and fun.

Neil and his drumming co-Zippinner "Diamond"

"She must have been pretty special," I offered.

Vince indulged me in conversation about famed Cuban pianist Dizzy Parrington and oriental rugs (you make the connection), while Flare had a bevy of hilarious *White Spot* horror stories that kept me holding my side, and stomach! As well as became better acquainted I got to witness, firsthand, the shenanigans that the rhythm section of Yoda and Guy partake in to keep studio pressures at bay. Once, when Guy reached for his drum sticks he came up with a handful of baguettes. Not one to look the fool, he told me how Yoda always gets into Disneyworld free—because they think he's Goofy!

"Goofy who?" I chorled.

As the recording progressed, the level of seriousness rose in tandem. Not to say there was no more fun to be had; after all, this was still a Dose Pump session. However, it must be pointed out that when the time came to get the job done, these guys are all business. "We're professionals," Yoda succinctly put it when I queried him about this studio efficiency during a break in the action. After much rehearsal and more than a few aborted takes ("not quite" seems to be their perfectionist credo), we had that "just right" performance in the can. A call for celebration! Indeed. The cry went up for a coffee round from the nearby Bagel Deli. The normally lackadaisical Guy immediately volunteered to pick up the refreshments and bring them back to the studio. "Alright, Guy," we all roared. "Who's the girl?"

All too soon it was time to say our good-byes, and the four guys walked me out to the parking lot. Four??? Hey, wait a minute, I wondered, where's Davis? Just then he appeared from out of the studio door carrying an enormous macramé hanging, a gift from Dose Pump to me. I smiled fondly as I read its embroidered message: "I went to a Dose Pump recording and all I got was this stupid wall hanging!" Yeah, guys, and a whole lot of memories too.



BY CHRIS UREN

Dan [I made up the "Diamond" part cause I don't know these guys' last names] agree that the 7" inch format has it's drawbacks. "About the best you can expect is to sell 2,000 seven inches. You're better off with something full length. More magazines will review it and a CD or LP is available at more outlets."

On the other hand, the band realizes that sheer numbers do not reflect the promotional abilities of the single. "The people that buy seven inches are constantly buying them, and they are usually pretty hip to our kind of music, so that's good," says Neil. "We've been lucky because we've gotten sold of good press from the last single."

Well, luck doesn't have a whole lot to do with it, but that's all irrelevant now. Zippin expects to release a full length CD in July on cMPT, which has become the home of Seattle's best artists over the last little while according to Zippin. "It's pretty hot: Crackerbarr, The Meics, Sinsister, Sex, The Gits, Gas Huffer, cMPT's been great."

Which brings us to the point Zippin wants to make.

They may live in Seattle, and record with Jack Endino ("Who, Neil says, is not God but is a god, inexpensive producer"), but they are not a Seattle band. "I'm from Denver, Dan's from Portland, and Robbo's from Phoenix." Which leaves tattooed bassist Mark "Mad Dog" Whatchamacallit as the lone Seattleite in the band.

In any event, Zippin likes to come up here every two months. "Usually, the response up here is really cool," assured Neil, after learning the hard way of the folly of working a double bill with Dead Surf Kiss. Given the two month scheduling, though, Zippin should be back in town about the time of their album release. Catch them then, and you'll catch them on the way up.

Entrepreneurial Conspiracies

by Mark Szabo

Vic Chesnutt sings cracked little songs about people who fall in the ice, heartbreakers scammed by their own scams of independence, and Independence Day.

He's done one album, recorded in one day by Michael Stipe "before Vic killed himself." These days, it seems unlikely that will happen, if only because Vic doesn't have the time. He is coming to the Cruel Elephant on June 5th, and you should go.

This interview was done on Tuesday, May 12th, at an hour when decent people are considering where to go for brunch.

So, you're coming here June 5th, where are you now?
I'm in Albuquerque, at a Motel 6.

How many people do you travel with?
Just two. It's kind of our holidays. We're going up to Las Vegas next, not for a show but just to go.

Do you gamble? Will you gamble?
Well, I'll probably put some money in a slot machine, or if I feel like it I might play Blackjack, or Roulette. So where am I playing up there? The last time there was opening for Bob Mould at the Town Pump and the manager there was one of the nicest guys.

This time you're at the Cruel Elephant.
That wins the prize for club names.

Do you work when you're not touring?
No, I just play music. Mostly, I starve. What is everybody into up there?

Well, the latest thing everybody's listening to is the new Pavement. Have you heard it?
I heard one song on the radio and I liked it but I don't really remember it now. The cover is really great though.

The cover is a total Fall steal! So was the latest one. The music, which is great, sounds a lot like the Fall too.
What do you think of Superchunk up there?

I don't know, people think they're okay. There's a big hype for them all of a sudden.

We were just in North Carolina [home to Superchunk. Ed.] and they just love them down there, and they're so ordinary!

I saw them last year and thought that "Slack Motherfucker" was a great song, but nothing else has ever grabbed my attention.

I was talking to this girl the other night and she was like, "Oh, they're so great, they're from around here." I said that their whole thing had been done before and she said, "I'm eighteen, and I've never seen it before."

Superchunk: Inventors of Rock. It's as



VIC CHESNUTT

If someone decided that they could really big and set out to achieve that goal.
I'd believe that, I'm conspiracy oriented.

There are entrepreneurial conspiracies as well as political ones. All I know is I'm not part of one.

You just have to swallow some goldfish or something.
Hey, I just got a tattoo, it's Ignatz. From Krazy Kat?

Yeah, the guy who did it had never done a tattoo before—well, not on someone other than himself. He was working at this diner we were eating at, and I felt like getting one, so... That's great! Did he put it on the bill: hamburger, Pepsi, tattoo? At the Town Pump there is now a tattoo parlour set up in the bar. But they're not real tattoos, the sign says, "Tattoos: Looks real, frighten your mom." Have you heard the Disposable Heroes of Hiphopriety? They are just great. I've been listening to the tape a lot, and the last song is just the best.

They came up two weeks ago but I didn't go. Are you listening to a lot of rap on the road?
Yeah, the Disposable Heroes of Hiphopriety, the Beastie Boys...

I just heard the new Beastie Boys last night.
I'm not sure about it yet. I'm giving it the benefit of the doubt for the sake of Paul's Boutique, but just in 'so rapid-fire.

Yeah, Paul's Boutique was great 'cause there was stuff coming at you all the time.

This one is more of a funky groove thing. When we were driving through Arkansas we were listening to that album and got stuck behind this truck full of dead cattle, for miles. That's my impression of the album: the small of

dead cows, and legs and erect penises sticking up into the air.

So your new record is coming out in the fall?

Yeah, thereabouts. Actually, I've got two records in the can. You know it takes a long time to get them out.

Are they just you and a guitar again? Well, there are a few songs that are like that, then on some there's a little rock and roll combo from town, and there are a couple with piano, a little honky-tonk piano. I'm doing a song

on this REM tribute album where I was using a sampler, sampling all these different REM songs and putting them into "It's The End of The World As We Know It."

I've heard that you've done "Wichita Lineman" with Bob Mould. Yeah, we learned that one awhile back. I can't wait for Bob's new album, it's going to be great. He's got a new band. The drummer's got these Popeye arms; they're huge. Have you got any of the SOL (Bob Mould's Singles Only Label) singles?

Just the Shams one and the Daniel Johnston/Yo La Tengo one. Yeah, that one's great. I love Daniel Johnston. I've got a single coming out on SOL soon. Who am I playing with in Vancouver?

The Telling Midgets, a San Francisco band who have a single out on Mator, with Mark Eitzel from American Music Club singing in this totally over-the-top deep voice over a wall of 'guitars. It's amazing. Also, Ichi who have an album out on Nervest. Will you be touring from now until then?
And for a couple of weeks after that, I'm playing with Jim Carroll in Seattle and I'm really worried about it because he'll be doing this intense spoken word thing. And I have to open for that intensity.

Are you normally playing the basic rock clubs? Yeah, pretty much. It's strange because in one town it will be a good crowd and in the next there'll be two people there. When that happens I tend to get drunk and be really obnoxious. Here in Albuquerque last night I was awful, and somebody still came up and said, "This was really good, man. I've never seen someone play like that here."

And those are the people that didn't come to see you. Well, when you play here, I'll buy you a beer.



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We had always been admirers of Teenage Fanclub. For quite a while seeking out their singles and albums was quite a chore because they were somewhat scarce. But suddenly that all changed. There was a distinct time when it seemed that Teenage Fanclub were transformed from being just a band into a band that mattered, at least in the eyes of the music press. With the release of their major label debut, *Bandwagonesque*, it almost seemed like they were the sacrificial lamb for anyone that would come after them. Spin declared *Bandwagonesque* the album of the year and *Rolling Stone* gave it one and a half stars, but neither seemed to listen to the songs within. Any band should enjoy getting written about in both cases! Teenage Fanclub were only the standard bearer for the marketing term called alternative rock.

For us *Bandwagonesque* is not a statement. There are 11 cool songs contained on this album and they were created by four individuals with enough musical sensibility to know what's good and bad. This is what happened when we shared some fudge with Brendan (drummer) and Norman Blake on an Easter Sunday afternoon.

Discorder: First of all, I'm going to ask you about Don Fleming. Did you enjoy working with him on the albums?

Brendan: Well, we didn't work with him on the first album, in fact we started working with Don after meeting him at the New Music Seminar, two years ago in August. We had a mutual friend, a guy called Dave Barker, who knew Don from when he had played for Ball. The first album we did ourselves. Norman: We had met on social networks and got on quite well with him. So, this scheme was hatched that we would record some songs and make a racket. We were in the studio and we recorded eight songs plus a version of the "Ballad of John and Yoko." We put it out on a single; it was just a racket. So we did that with Don and then we took Gumball on tour with us in Britain. It was fantastic, they are really good guys. He's going to do our next one as well.

Is the next album going to be in a different direction?

Norman: We'll see what happens. On our last record we worked much more on the vocals, that was just Don's idea. Before that made that record he'd just finished the Gumball project so we wanted to do a more pop-oriented album. Its more fun, and more of a challenge to him. It was more of a challenge for us too.

Well what about the legendary Don Fleming method of recording the songs and learning how to play them in the van on the way to the show? Is that just a tall tale?

Norman: That's completely true, for Ball anyway. That's all they did. On those B.A.L.L. albums they are just jamming, and then they would sing something over top of 'em. It really works! I mean, that's how we did our B-side of the 12" single "God Knows It's True" on the track "Ghestoblaster." OK, I know you hate talking about Big Star, but I'm going to ask you about this concept. There are bands that come along that are revered by critics, for example the Velvet Underground around 1983 had everyone talking about how great they were, and now this Big Star. Well, I have this theory that the next band will be Television.

What do you think?
Norman: Honestly, I think that's just the way that critics really work. It's just a crazy thing, people like to have impressions of groups and they like to have been into something that nobody else is into.

Brendan: The bizarre thing about it is that they pick on groups for sound-

ing retro, and then in the same phrase they talk about how great Big Star or the VU are, which is them being retro themselves. Norman: When the Velvet Underground were happening, the grates of rock were the big thing, like Yes and Genesis, and the Velvets just wanted to be a rock and roll band.

Well, you are sort of like that too because dance music is now happening.

Norman: Maybe, any way lots of people revered the Velvet Underground but they were basically a rock and roll band bashing away at the bass and guitars. And only now are people making a big thing out of them, they're just a band. Think that's all they ever thought they were even though they were relatively unsuccessful and doing rock and roll differently.

Big Star were the same, they listened to the Beatles and the Kinks but they didn't emulate them. They are not the Beatles and the Kinks they are fucking Big Star. Their records were different, like those records. We got a real slag in the British press about emulating them but we like those records.

Its funny because Spin gave you record of the year, and at the same time you got only one and a half stars from Rolling Stone. I know it doesn't really mean much but it's somewhat ironic.

Norman: It's actually good in a way, it makes the record a lot cooler.

Brendan: The album wasn't even out when Spin reviewed it, it's just them trying to make a statement. It means as much as the *Rolling Stone* thing. Norman: We thought it was funny and because of it we have gotten a lot better reaction. It's cool because Jody Stephens [Big Star drummer] got in touch with our manager to thank us because Big Star have never sold as many records in Britain as they are now.

Don't you guys have a single coming out on K records?

Norman: Yeah, next month, a version of "Free Again" an Alex Chilton song, and on the other side "Bad Seeds" a Beat Happening song. We like Beat Happening a lot, they're a really great group.

So what's your relationship like with the British press? Do they love you or do they hate you?
Norman: It's sort of a mutual business relationship.

Brendan: They'll put us in the papers if it sells papers. It's bizarre, all over the world people read the British music press but really it is not very well written.

Norman: It's totally corrupt. I mean we did a front cover a while back and it was basically bought by our UK label, Creation Records. Brendan: It was bought for practically the price of a full page ad and it was the front cover.

Does that happen on a lot of different levels?



Norman: Almost every front cover is like that. The record companies pay for it... I guess it's actually advertising: a way for bands and writers to make a name for themselves.

Do you think it's good to manipulate that?

Norman: Everyone does: the band, the producers, the record companies. It's a real industry and it happens at all levels. We were on *Saturday Night Live* not because we are a good band but because Geffen is friends with the producer.

Brendan: Also, people in the press say "if you do this small article on this band, we will give you an interview with this group." That's what happens, it's a business. Record companies don't think about music, they think about money.

Norman: Yes, we are somewhat distanced from it all, in Glasgow we are 5,000 miles away from our label. We don't live in London where the music business scene is so they can't really hassle us. We just sort of parted company with our manager because he had a different vision of us as a band within the industry. He saw us becoming really big overnight... superstars. We couldn't realistically see ourselves doing that. We just wanted to make our record and keep things at a fairly controllable level.

Well, you are, I mean, you managed to put out this record and someone will want to put out your next record, so if that's how you measure success...
Norman: That's it exactly.

Does the indie scene operate differently in the UK?

Brendan: It's different because England is smaller, and you can actually be on an independent and survive. Your records can be distributed quickly, and be available all over the country.

Norman: Plus, there's a lot of labels over there: Paperhouse, Seminal Travel, Creation, 4AD...

What about at the band level, American bands versus UK bands? You always hear about British bands being fascinated with American culture and, likewise, American bands fascinated with playing in England.

Brendan: Bands are bands really.

Norman: It's just rock and roll really. The Beatles and the Stones.

Well, we find that here in Vancouver, British bands really do well. There's a fascination for them.

Brendan: Yeah, and I watched that music channel of yours, *Much Music*... and there are people who are massive here, who I've never heard of before in my life.

That's the way it is here, it's sort of us trying to foster our own talent. It's unusual though, because it sort of stigmatizes the bands. One final question though, is being in a rock and roll band the best thing in the world?

Norman: Of course.

Brendan: It's one of the best jobs in the world.

But is it just a job now?

Norman: It's always been a job but now we get paid for it.

Well if you weren't in a rock and roll band what would you do?

Brendan: Be a hair dresser probably.

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by Nicholas Bragg

TEENAGE FANCLUB TEENAGE FANCLUB

BAD CRAZINESS AT THE ESP FAIR

By A.O. Chapman and Justin Kalef

There are some days that one realizes that the dim and dirty roads of life offer a lot of room for all sorts of human traffic. However, it is scarier to realize that at least once a year hundreds of social derelicts and castaways, who had long defected from the world, pull over on this road and converge in one place within our own municipality.

I did not plan to attend the ESP Fair as an absolute skeptic but I must admit that my suspicions as to the legitimacy of the event were aroused when I saw advertisements in the various local print media for the ESP fair. I would have presumed that real psychics would have "felt" it coming and fortune-tellers and seers of every sort would have converged in this psychic epicenter all on their own instincts. But, these psychics were apparently not so enlightened.

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trip. It was Friday, March 13th, so already the planets were aligned in our favour, plus I seemed like a good idea to have a visual record just in case the second coming happened while we were there.

The evening began with an archetypal "inward journey" taken by myself, Nardwuar and three friends, down a long and tasteless corridor within an equally gaudy pavilion. Long murals hung from the walls around which stood of poorly spent tax dollars, all I imagine, suggested by the architect's alcoholic spouse who were having affairs with the artists while Canada Place was being conveniently built. There's always a reason behind bad government art.

The first phenomena occurred when our arduous walk through the blithe hell of Canada Place ended, and an apparent wise-woman extracted a toll of seven dollars from our pockets and bade the guardian at the door to allow us entry into the Psychic Fair. Once inside, my fellow travellers and I marvelled with naivety at the world we had sought to enter: all was mysterious, some was curious, none was free. The fair area itself was quite massive with rows and rows of cubicles where the various clairvoyants, mediums, and palm-readers had set up shop. My expectations of Rita Johnson look-alikes adomed in scarfs

with thick, Eastern-European accents was not far off. Most of these Gypsies had gone to the expense of putting up cheery satin or velvet signs behind them saying who they were and what their craft was. The problem now was to decide which of the many hundred dollar avenues was the truest path to the revelation of our futures. There's no such thing as a free lunch and apparently there's no such thing as free salvation. One sign we came across read "Past Life Regression and Aura Fluff: \$35." This aura fluff involved no magic wand or symbol laden ritual, like one would expect for 35 beans, but instead the paying customer would sit in an ordinary chair and have their hair combed. I was the last to be combed.

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I warned my colleagues who wanted to join me in exploration of this ESP mecca: "I expect there will be many savage bastards there," cautioning, "even I won't be able to endure the evening and remain rational without being calmed with plenty of methuanelle." Having also explained plans of my psychic safari to Nardwuar, he immediately showed interest and wanted to take a video-camera along to document our

amounts of money disappearing and changing hands that would have made both Harry Blackstone and Tom Vu envious. It was then I began to detect the redolent stink of greed that hung heavy in the air, like cattle defecation in an August heat. These mediums and telepaths had set up their booths and sold their wares in the tradition of snake-oil salesmen with as much dignity as common panhandling beggars; levels of mendacity to make Tennessee Williams turn in his grave.

Around this time, out of the corner of my eye, I spotted a booth where a smirking youth stood behind a crystal ball and a computer. "Nardwuar," I motioned, "look at that smart-alec kid." The kid was no more than 14 and had his home computer set up to a crystal ball, and as Nardwuar was checking to see where the wires were going I pressed the smart-alec for further information. Apparently his computer-cum-Notredamus owned by his father, who was out for coffee, would read your palm and the computer would tabulate the results on the printer. We demanded a free demonstration and the kid—who already looked afraid of our presence—capitulated easily. My colleagues objected to me being the subject for the computer because sedatives had bent my brain and I would definitely invalidate the readings. Nardwuar, therefore, agreed enthusiastically to be the guinea pig. As he put his hand on the crystal ball it lit up and sure enough, the printer began to churn out a report. While the kid tried to inveigle us with some psychic double-talk, the printer suddenly jammed, the computer snapped, and we cheered loudly from the sidelines at Nardwuar's mind and the computer were locked in some kind of psychic mortal combat. Nardwuar had beat the machine at its own game. The fanfold paper came wildly flying out of the printer just in time for the father to come back with his coffee and see his paraphernalia in meltdown. After rudely telling us to get our cameras out of his face—he seemed to mean it—we decided to leave him, and his disobedient child, alone with the ramshackle computer.

As Nardwuar was having his tarot-cards read and his fortune decided, I spotted another booth which was advertising an "Ion Shower", which looked like nothing more than a Water Pik™. No water or visible substance came out of the shower-head when supposedly turned on, but for \$50 if you stood under it you could apparently improve your eyesight, complexion and relieve stress. The nominal fee went into covering the monthly ion bills the charlatan who operated the gimmick had to pay.

There was also a pretty wide spectrum of weird science to see. A lecture area off to the side of the auditorium featured a number of guest speakers with most of these lectures being pretty dry. No spoon-bending parlour tricks, just a host of self-motivation speakers that you could see for free on late-night television. However, there were a few exceptions: one man conducted a lecture on "Optimum Health with Steam"; another woman named LaFaye Fouts,

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a self-confessed alien, stepped up to the podium dressed like a festive kite, and just as my medication was taking effect I was sure she was going to the Dance of the Seven Veils, but she instead related her experience of performing shatus on pith. Even the ironic Hare Krishna's were there, who had a rhythmic jam session and didn't say anything about their cryptic chants.

But a person can only endure so much of this hot-air and hocus-pocus (at least it was all Nardwuar, our friends and I could take). We had seen one too many people wearing pyramids on their heads or ankhs around their necks whilst trying to push us herbal tablets to improve our auras or the new-age books that changed their lives. Its nothing new for people to cling to the outskirts of reason when they've been rejected by the middle roads. And its nothing new for people to scrawl their own gospels and sell them at 10% plus cost, but the only G.O.D. of concern to the folks at the ESP fair was the Good Ol' Dollar.

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(Scene: Four young men sit around a table in the plush interior of the Chateau Granville's "Lounge and Bistro." Two of them are "clean-cut undergraduates types" (Duke, A. Vary) and two of them are earnest young media hawks.

Tom Maginnis and Chris Colburn are from the rock band Buffalo Tom, Rory Tait and his photographer pal Joel from the *Disorder* media enterprise. A tape recorder is set up and the waiter arrives. Tom contemplates ordering a clubhouse, but settles on a chicken salad sandwich, while Chris orders a cheeseburger with fries and mustard. Rory and Joel, not wanting to be overly imposing on the PolyGram tab, just order cokes.

Bill Janowitz is conspicuously absent. Cut to hotel room, where loud snores can be heard. A young man is crashed out on the bed. Cut back to lounge, where the interview is about to begin...)

On your first two albums (Self-titled release on SST with the follow-up *Birdbrain* on Beggars Banquet) you worked with J. Mascis. What made you decide to change producers for this album?

Tom: Well, I was getting on our nerves, and we got in big fistfights... so we fired him. Nah, we just wanted to do something else. He was busy doing his stuff and Sean [Slade] was the engineer on the other two records, and he and Paul are part owners of Fort Apache Studios. A lot of indie bands record there, lots of local bands.

Sort of like Reciprocal in Seattle. **Tom:** Yeah, it's not real slick or anything, it was started by a group of local musicians who wanted to get into recording, and they're into collecting old instruments and amps which are all sitting around... you can just plug stuff in and see what comes out. It's not real expensive, so you don't feel really pressured like in some bigger studios where you feel like you have to get your money's worth. It's really relaxed, and it's close to where we live. **Chris:** We recorded the basics for this one at a studio called Dreamland out in Woodstock. It's a really cool old church that they took all the pews out of. It's all wood inside... we got some really different sounds out of it.

What's J. Mascis really like?

Chris: Totally retarded.

The last time Dinosaur was here J. did some interviews and he wouldn't answer any questions, he'd just mumble "yes" or "no." **Tom:** He just doesn't like doing interviews that much. He's just uncomfortable around people he doesn't know. Once you get to know him, he's just a normal guy.

I just wondered how he was in the studio, 'cause it seems to me a producer needs to be able to communicate.

Tom: Well, we didn't really want someone who would be taking over or anything... so we felt pretty safe that way, but it's not the other extreme. I think he spent half his time cracking jokes and making fun of us. He's just a normal guy.

Let Me Come Over is a lot clearer and in some cases mellower than your previous albums. Have you found you've lost some of your fan base who liked you because you sounded like Dinosaur Jr.?

Chris: Yeah, I'm sure. It was definitely a conscious decision to try a different sound because we didn't want to make a third album like the first two. And we don't want to repeat the third record either. Most of our favorite bands' records are the first record or two, and we knew that we'd open up to a lot of other people too because it's more accessible in the traditional sense. It's a tricky thing, but we have to move on always, no matter what it is... next year it's synthesizers.

Tom: Yeah, we got this dancing thing

time we've made a lot of headway with lots of radio play and a lot more people coming to the shows.

Have you found that you get odd takes on lyrics or song titles from people who aren't fluent in English?



buffalo tom

by rory tait

worked out. I won't be actually playing on the next album, it'll be all samples.

Chris: And it's polka for '94!

Where do you get the inspiration for your lyrics?

Tom: Chris writes some of the lyrics, but Bill writes most of them. It's pretty personal stuff but it's not really surface-type stuff, it's not really telling a story or about one experience. It's more impressionistic: a whole bunch of things that are going on in his life, or other people he knows. I can be such a mish-mash, Bill probably couldn't even tell you. If you asked "What's this song about," I don't think he could say just one thing.

Some of it's very stream-of-consciousness. Hopefully it's not so surface or preachy, or anything, that you'd get real sick of it... that's what we'd try to avoid. But I'm really just a bystander here trying to figure out how he writes lyrics. Most of the time I don't even figure out what Bill's singing until we're recording it and I can finally hear the words. **Chris:** We don't use lyric sheets, and a lot of it is just images and sounds of words. I think Bill and I have a similar kind of view on using words for the way they look, the way they sound, and the feeling you get from them, not necessarily a story. The music usually gives you an image, and I usually take it from there. I usually only write the lyrics out the day before we perform the song.

But I'm surprised sometimes by how little some people seem to get out of our songs. One of the things we've always liked is that the lyrics are open, and they can mean different things to everybody.

Have you been doing a lot of shows in Europe?

Chris: Yeah, we've done four or five major tours of Europe, and this is only our second tour of North America. For bands like us Europe is a good place. In a short amount of

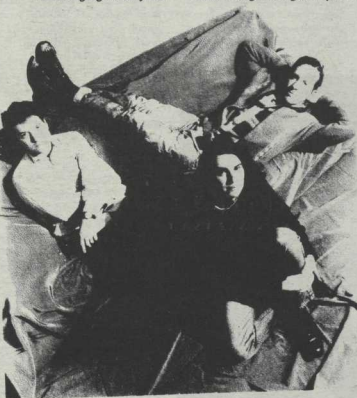
Chris: Yeah, which I love... it's really interesting. The first year I used to think "Oh no, you're missing the point," but that's okay... their interpretation is as valid as any else's. When our record got sold in Japan, we have to submit our lyrics because they print them in Japanese. A friend of mine has translated them back into English and she said it's really weird how they came out.

I think language is really inter-

lines here and there. Some people don't investigate it at all unless it's written out for them, but it's a tough debate. Sometimes I think that the guitars are so loud that no-one's checking out the lyrics, which is a shame.

Why do you bend over backwards when you do your vocals? Do you have better diaphragm control?

Chris: I thought we'd got away from



esting. It's not something we take lightly, by any means, but we almost want to push people to look further and use their imagination. REM records are always a good example... I always get off way more on the early stuff, where it's just images, and then it turns into this preachy thing. It was always so much more interesting when it was left open.

that... that was last year! It depends on our alcohol intake of the day, but it does feel good to sing that way sometimes.

Have you ever fallen over?

Chris: (mumbles) Maybe a couple of times...

Tom: (laughing) Yeah, maybe... right. **Chris:** Maybe if I remembered.

Last show I noticed Chris had little whale stickers on his bass. Is this related to the fact that whaling was a major industry in New England?

Chris: Yeah, I can't remember who gave me the whale things, but I did notice that when we played with Miracle Legion their bass man had puffy whales on his bass too.

Tom: Maybe you started something, Chris? **Chris:** Yeah, I think I've started a little revolution, although they've started to fall off, they're an endangered species. It's my little cause, dolphins next.

Are you doing other shows

What do you do when you're not doing band stuff? Or are you ever not doing band stuff?

Tom: It's getting less and less.

Chris: We've been touring for a long time but we have jobs at home, or we used to... and Bill and Tom are getting married!

Tom: Not this year.

Chris: Oh, right, Tom's next year, Bill's this year. Which means they have lady-friends... but it's pretty normal stuff. We don't practice a lot, we mostly work when we get home.

with Sebadoh? **Chris:** Yeah, five shows, west coast. We've played with them before over the years.

Is there a feud between Lou [Barlow, ex-member of Dinosaur Jr. and lead singer/guitarist of Sebadoh] and J. Mascis, and if so, which side are you on?

Chris: Yes, and we're on... No, when you work really closely with someone, and obviously both Lou and I are both really talented individual artists, some tensions can build up. They're different people and being in a van together for a couple of years can sorta wear on you. But I don't think deep down they really hate each other, or disrespect each other, or anything. We've played with both bands and we're friends with both guys.

Do you still not use set lists on stage?

Chris: Not any more! We're no longer the Grateful Dead of indie rock. It got to the point where we were taking too long on stage to decide what to play next. And when you've got three records, so much to choose from, you start to forget stuff. The show goes a little quicker now.

What was the longest time you spent on stage trying to decide what to play?

Chris: Pretty long... for encores we don't use set lists. We sit up there a good... ten minutes. We're usually so deaf anyway we're saying "What? What? What do you wanna play?"

Has *Melody Maker's* endorsement of Buffalo Tom being "the best band in the world" helped you, or has it just been a big pain in the butt?

Chris: Sally Margaret Joy... I'll never forget that woman, we owe her. That was a tiny thing in a review that was kinda goofy anyway. I don't think anyone took it that seriously.

Joel [Disorder photographer]: A friend of mine was buying a ticket at Ticketmaster, and the guy in the booth was looking at the computer and he said "It says here they're the next Nirvana!"

Chris: That was on the computer?

"Hmmm... I think I'll see Buffalo Tom, what are they like?"

"They're the next N-Band."

"Hmmm, okay, I'll take it."

Oh my god, sad but true. With our year almost done, we've proven that we're not the next N-Band, we're the next... uh, Squirrelbait!

Squirrelbait? Are they still together?

Chris: Nope. And long forgotten by most people.

What do you do when you're not doing band stuff? Or are you ever not doing band stuff?

Tom: It's getting less and less.

Chris: We've been touring for a long time but we have jobs at home, or we used to... and Bill and Tom are getting married!

Tom: Not this year.

Chris: Oh, right, Tom's next year, Bill's this year. Which means they have lady-friends... but it's pretty normal stuff. We don't practice a lot, we mostly work when we get home.

If you could write an article for *Sassy*, what would it be called and what would you say?

Tom: It would be called "Cute Bassist Alert With Chris Colburn."

Chris: Oh really! I can't believe it! You really would?

Tom: With a big, full-page photo. **Chris:** And they'd still cut me out and put you in. Wouldn't it be "Fashion Icon '94"? A Hundred Ways To Take Care Of Your Hair On Tour?

Tom: Yeah. Hair care.

Chris: "A Hundred Ways To Score Big On Tour?"

Tom: Wow, I think you know a little bit more about that!

Chris: Oh, really! How ironic of you to say that.

Tom: I would write it, but I'd say "According to Chris Colburn, he finds the best line is..."

Chris: "... would you like to meet Tom Maginnis, Really Cute Drummer? I can arrange it!"

I was going to ask Bill if he had a large collection of baseball caps, but I see Chris has one in his pocket...

Chris: Right, I've got my Red Sox one but Bill does have a lot of them. Always lose them. People take them off the stage... that's been happening a lot this year. People are taking our clothes off the stage, and it's not even like a rock thing, it's like "Yeah, it's free." It's just "Yeah, I've got the Buffalo Tom guy's stuff," it's just "it's free."

This shirt, someone took it in Glasgow. I was coming off the stage and I saw some person take my shirt. I'm like "No! It's my shirt! It's the only long-sleeved shirt I have!" I had to go through the crowd and say "Excuse me, I don't want to get in a fight or anything, but that's my shirt." He had it underneath his jacket and goes "Wow, Oh, yeah... here it is."

Buffalo Tom returns to Vancouver's Commodore Ballroom, with My Bloody Valentine and Yo La Tengo. July 1.



fter the press I had read on Ms. Love (Mrs. Kobain), interviews and what not, I expected a heady chat with an outspoken feminist with a bad attitude. Especially after my referral to her as a "N-band mattress" and a "Hole—in both respects of the word" I was sure she would verbally rip me limb from limb or, worse yet, send Mark Lanegan after me. However, wasn't I surprised to find out that our confrontation, via phone to my house from her posh Seattle hotel suite where her and Kurdt gorged on fresh salmon and cheeseburgers, was simply a forum for us to acquaint ourselves and comment on one another's work.

While Kurdt tried to sleep,

just so unattractive, which I don't mind, and he only likes this one kind of nylon. He doesn't like the garters and to dress up, he just likes this suburban statement.

Well, hopefully something comes about with his Lydia Lunch collaboration. The whole thing with him is that he's been obsessed with her for a really long time. I always seem to get the guys that are my foxcore friends' rejects, because all of us in foxcore have shared. Me, Finch [L7] and Kat [Babes In Toyland], we've all had repeated boyfriends. Sometimes they're mine first so it's not like I get all the seconds, but in Kat's case she always gets my seconds.

of the dress thing which has been talked about a lot, I can't shut up about it. See, the war of the dress is about to enter into a new realm....

I can't wait.

...and I don't care if you believe me or not but I'm telling you this and it's the fucking God's truth. Madonna offered me \$1,000,000 to be on her label and I said no way. I actually made her talk to me a couple times. I got her phone number too.

Can I have it?

Yeah it might be disconnected now because I gave it to Dave Grohl (N-band drummer).

And has he been making obscene phone calls?

touch and the whole reason I didn't want to do it was because it was a visual.

What she sees is that I can't put on my makeup and I'll look like a battered 12 year old rape victim, and I'm blonde, and she wants all blonde images to subscribe to her. And I tell her my life story, all of a sudden she turns up in Portland, in a movie, playing a misfit punk-rock murderer.

Now I don't care if you don't believe me but she's eating me alive and I won't let her do it. And that's why I'm going to do *Vanity Fair*. If I go in *Vanity Fair* and I wear that dress, once and for all, no one can ever take it from me again. Not only Kat, but Madonna too. And that's the one reason I want to do it because goddamn I stole that dress

Well, you guys aren't straight-edge, so—?

According to you we're not. I hated that I had to move. If I hadn't have moved I'd have got the same amount of British Press, I'd have sold them the same motherfuckin' record, the only thing different

So, this is kind of lame, I have a lot to prove now. Lightning doesn't strike twice in the same family plus I don't even want it to. He didn't want to get bigger than the Pixies and neither do I.

I think it's weird how the Hole thing has been metamorphosed

"There is only one sort of love"
— Francois d

COURTNEY

Courtney and I had a fairly lengthy conversation—2 1/2 hours—regarding Hole, her pregnancy, foxcore, her being deemed the first woman to smash a guitar in England (Yes, before Quatro, Wendy O. and Joan), my Leaving Trains article (in which the said quotes appeared) and the rape of a girl in Reno by two men singing "Polly." Heavy stuff.

When she initially startled me at work with a "Hi, this is N-band's mattress," when I answered the phone, I was all but certain it wasn't Courtney. But, once my suspicions were confirmed that it was indeed Courtney who phoned *Disorder* obtaining my phone I readied myself for the defense for what I thought was going to be an ugly conversation... I couldn't have been farther off the mark.

Disorder: I must admit I was quite surprised to hear from you today.

Courtney: Well, Mark Lanegan was saying, "Yeah, I saw this Leaving Trains thing and James said he's gonna beat up Kurdt, so I'm gonna go kick his ass," and I'm sure James really likes it.

Oh yeah, tough James. I'd be scared of a guy wearing panty hose and a skirt.

Hey, I knew about that before anybody and believe me I was outta there. I don't mind boys that wear dresses but man the pantyhose thing, are you kidding? That was really scary.

So James is for real then?

What's really intriguing about him is that: a) he was really smart; b) he was really ugly; c) he was really unambitious; and d) he had really wacky sexual predilections, that bordered on the crepuscular. He's

So, is she gonna get Kurdt too? No, no, no, he's untouched by the foxcore nation. He only use to like troll girls, Juliana Hatfield-type [Blake Babies]. He went out with someone in Bikini Kill but she doesn't count because being a brat is not [the same as] being a feminist.

So how do you distinguish between being bratty and being a feminist?

When precocious turns to pretentious. I resort to the brattiness sometimes but I'm 5'9" so no one believes me. And I have the whole war

I don't know but I'll give it to you. I called it once and she was there. This is her New York number [number withheld from publication for obvious reasons]. What are you going to talk to her about anyway?

I'll talk to her about underground music.

Oh, see that's her problem, you don't want to do that and I figured out why. The minute I said no [to signing on to her label] she went after Daisy Chainsaw, which just goes to show you something: the whole reason her people are so fucking out of

from Christina Amphlett [Divinyls] in 1982.... When new wave hit Portland, I went to see the Divinyls and she was wearing that dress. The dress is a black velvet number with a collar and cuffs, it makes me look like a 12 year old. Before Christina Amphlett, Edith Piaf wore that dress.

Why do you want to look 12 though?

Not that I'm trying to make a fashion statement but people do make fashion statements: Thurston [Sonic Youth] wears parkas, Kurdt wears fuzzy sweaters, Mark Arm [Mudhoney] wears striped shirts. You get this one little affection and it's yours.

But it seems like the whole foxcore scene is wearing dresses.

Not L7. There is a definite line between those of us who do and those of us who don't and the only ones that do are me and Kat, and then some of the 3rd generation [foxcore bands]. Guiz Frighwing is like the grandmas, right, so the 3rd generation is like Calamity Jane and Bikini Kill.

Janet went to see them [Bikini Kill] and two of them were wearing the motherfucking dress. Not only that but Bikini Kill bleach their hair and are strippers in Portland, and they're planning to move to DC, which I thought was my political party. So, they sort of mix it up between being the biggest bitch in town but also being accepted by lan Mackaye because it's very 90's.

But everybody's trying to be like lan Mackaye though? Not me.

would be that I wouldn't have gotten into the same industry. I wouldn't have gotten the same money opportunities.

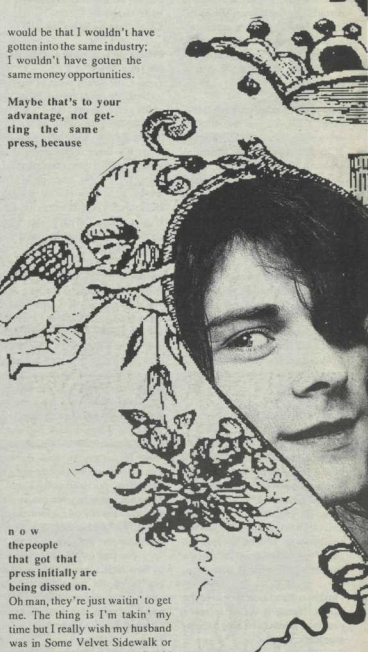
Maybe that's to your advantage, not getting the same press, because

into totally being my band. A lot of it has to do with Eric: he hates talking to press and hates taking pictures, and Eric's really my partner in this. Carolyn, as much as I love her, is getting a lot better... we have to get new wave, I'm really into new wave.

I hate the tempo on our record, it's so fucking slow and intolerable. And I notice all girls tend to do this, it's totally a girl



Courtney: Heavy with puppy.



now the people that got that press initially are being dissed on.

Oh man, they're just waitin' to get me. The thing is I'm takin' my time but I really wish my husband was in Some Velvet Sidewalk or something because you should only go out with guys in bands that are just a little bit bigger than you; smaller preferably.

BY SC

weakest thing: they write songs in E and they play that tempo. I mean guys stay in their room for 3 years and girls go out. And so they don't get the same ability to play hot leads and technically be really good.

Yeah, but if you want to play hot

I knew that if we started in Seattle, or Minneapolis, or Vancouver that immediately people would have gone "Oh!" (said with some interest). In some ways it was good because there was no scene and in some ways it was good because it gave me room to be more deriva-

But that's the way it's turning out though. Yeah, that's the way it's turning out but when I started, since Jennifer's contribution is bigger than Suzie's, Jennifer should have her own band. Jennifer should have her own band in a lot of ways 'cuz she really does wear dresses, she just refuses to. Every Christmas I give her dresses, and nighties, and bras just to remind her of her gender. I've known her for ten years you know and she used to be a girl.

So did Kurt marry you for your money or because you're the best fuck in the world?

No, cuz we're best friends.

Best friends? Best friends don't

more episodes of *Cops* come from Portland than I have any other city.

Last time we were there Jerry A took us to his house which is totally, analy clean and he made us a big spaghetti dinner: salads, spaghetti, garlic bread, he spent all day making this dinner, it was really nice.

The funny thing is that years ago I was going to move up here [Seattle] but I don't even want to live here because first of all everyone does drugs here and everyone thinks it's just a little city full of little Mark Arm's running around being English majors. It's totally not, it's a fucking little city full of Stone Gossards [Pearl Jam] running around in leather pants trying to be rock stars and it always has been.

uh rock stars and even marry cheah rock stars."

So, you were basically trying to shatter a myth?

Well, yeah. That's a really sick value system we cater to that we can give 15 year old girls hope because they think they can marry rock stars now. The whole point of it, what I was saying, is you shouldn't want to marry a rock star, that's totally inadvertent, you should be a rock star. I think somebody in Bikini Kill said, and it's a really good quote, that "being sexy and being a woman is completely subversive all into itself."

So basically, as a band, you're trying to influence other people to

say, "Listen up, man." If she left the band Francis would be fucked and she should give him that ultimatum and say, "Fuckin' cuz up Charlie or I'm outta here." Cuz if she leaves there is no more Pixies. I told her exactly that. He'd be so fucked if she left. That's a really good point, that's what she should do, say, "I'm leaving."

So why is it so hard to write a good rock song nowadays?

First of all, authenticity is really important because you've got these same 4 instruments that you've always had. Then there's a magical quality; an intensity or an honesty.

A lot of these guys are so fucking boring and they have nothing to say at all, and they just go through the newspaper to find interesting things to write about. There is nothing un-punk, or lame, or ridiculous about talent. Hank had fucking talent, that's what made Black Flag stand out head and shoulders above the other bands. Talent is talent and not everybody has it, matter of fact hardly anybody does.

So how come you don't answer mail from... males?

I do occasionally.

Is the whole Seattle scene gone now?

In difference to what, so the hairspray people can stay? Even Pearl Jam and Soungarden, shitty-snoty-civil-icky bands like that, are more on the side of Axl than they are on the side of punk rock, but to sit around and beaker off about N-band is just so much insidious. 0.0001% of the population are fighting amongst themselves about what's more important: being a vagon or being a vagon, being straight-edge or drinking a beer occasionally, politically correct sex... do you go down on the girl on Monday, Wednesday and Friday? Aren't we all on the same side of the fence at the end of the day?

, but there are a thousand copies." e la Rochefoucauld

leads you might as well play in a metal band.

Yeah, I know who wants to play hot leads, no shit. My point being is, Jill just quit and she never liked it. We opened for Mudhoney and she didn't even know who Mudhoney was. The problem with LA people is they're so fucking lame, they're beyond lame, but it's the only town I didn't get kicked out of. Only now, 3 years later, do we ever sell out the Whiskey.

I used to get really pissy because people would just stare at us and I used to think, "They're so sexist, they're so lame." And then I realized, "No, they can't move it's going so slow. We might as well be fuckin' Saint Vitus." When I wrote some fast songs,

get married, they move in with one another, realize they hate each other after 4 months, and then fight over cable and phone bills. Well, me and Kat were best friends for almost ten years and if we'd have been different sexes I'd bet we'd have got married. Instead, we just fight over who's going to be a star, but I'm out of that. She can be sexy, I'm cheah. I'm having a baby.

I know you're expecting in about August?

I can't play the Reading Festival (because of it), I'm going to call the baby My Ruined Career.

No, don't do that, this kid will grow up stigmatized as it is.

No it won't because we got this house in the country and it won't even know. By the time it's 4, Kurt's not even going to have a career anymore, and neither am I.

Nevermind will be in salesbins.

No, that will probably always be a novelty classic of the year that punk truly died... "and your dad killed it!"

That would be great for show and tell. So who's doing the second Hole album for you guys? Nobody famous at all. I want to try and find a cheap studio in Portland, or something, an 8 track, and really piss Geffen off.

Highest crime rate, per capita in North America, in Portland. I think only second to Washington, DC. Well, you know, I've seen

all of a sudden, "Hey, it's a stamp!" Like that ergy a lot. So Carolyn's going to lessons, which I'm really against but....

So, find somebody else; replace. Yeah, but I don't really like that idea. This whole thing was not supposed to be centred around me

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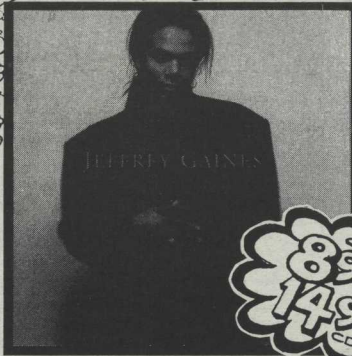
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That there's got to be some hero in me."
"Hero In Me"

jeffrey gaines

The songs, set in a context of classic rock with delicate folk shadings, speak for themselves. They are both character sketches and philosophical meditations, examinations of living in the world fashioned with gentleness, clarity, and disarming honesty.

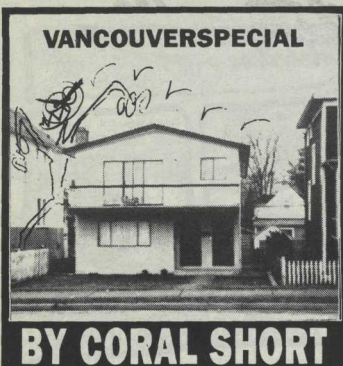


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Hope everyone had a lovely May. The very much missed Reid is still in New York, as you may know, so my monthly demo reviewer for this month is the knowledgeable Brad Quinn from **GoGuy** (the band took a beating not long ago in this very column). Much thanks to Dale "the cart guy" for the assistance with the local demo reviews last month.

If your band wants to pay \$600 to be on the 14 band, Vancouver compilation, **Raincreature CD** then read the next sentence. If you would like to submit material write to Kwazung Music, 2305 Vista Court, Coquitlam, B.C. V3J 6W2 for more information.

On Saturday May 16 I went to go see **Tankhoo/Superconductor/Dear Surf Kiss** at the Commodore and had to endure 3 or 4 cheese heavy metal bands. Superconductor ruled! The whole award thing, however, seemed to be a big scam because the record stores that supposedly voted for the best independent Vancouver band did not even get their voting ballots, but this is hearsay. [Actually, they didn't get them until late on the day of the event, but I don't think the ballots were valid after the time the stores received them. Ed**] Anyway, **Dose Pump** won the best band thing.... On with the reviews.

Tree Frogs

This band describes themselves as "an endangered species of nocturnal musicians, known for their large red eyes and love of warm, damp places." With that said they are into funky blues jams with a 60's edge. You can obtain their demo by writing to Demian Azrael @ 1083 Richards St., Vancouver, B.C., V6B 3E4.

Meat Daisies

Brilliant. It's about time there were more local bands furthering the realm of ultra-melodic punk rock. Great melodies over neat guitar licks and guitar harmonies are frequent on this cassette. Meat Daisies' cover of Gordon Lightfoot's "Go Go Round" is destined to be a local classic. I really love forward to seeing this band live.

Ngoma - Dance Drum Party They say they are influenced by Arabic and African music, funk, and reggae. They are a very enthusiastic group and involve a lot of tribal percussion; if this is your cup of tea you can contact the band at 1622 East 1st Ave., Vancouver, B.C., V5N 1A7

Howard vs. Willy - nlp 'n' tuck
Willy vs. Howard - Round Two

Two volumes from what appears to be a couple of pent-up losers displaying their songwriting genius. All of the songs are well-crafted and flowing, with creative and tricky ideas thrown in thereby providing originality. The Willy songs tend to be heavier, musically, while the Howard songs carry plenty of lyrical weight. There are great pop melodies throughout both cassettes that never threaten to annoy. Howard and Willy are a couple of great bands.

Shine - Friendly Fire

A high-quality cassette recording of some really good depressed-sounding pop. These songs are all complete with clever guitar lines and keyboard colourings, and while listening to this tape 54-40 definitely comes to mind. Avid listeners of Coast 1040 are bound to dig Shine. Will Shine stand the test of time or will they be shined?

Dancing On Glass

The band most stoked about their own band, which I've had to deal with over the past year. They must have phoned the office more than any other band yet...and they suck! I think they're trying to be a techno-Pink Floyd band but I can't stand to listen to the whole thing to offer an accurate judgement.

Grand Theft Canoe - Mucky

This band is from out east somewhere and their 10 song cassette is full of the Canadian cynicism we were all born with. The familiar, but pleasant, melodies are sung over 60's pop arrangements with the odd falsetto harmony thrown in for good measure. If you listen to the words this is an entertaining cassette; Canadian identity is hard to miss.

The Bellingham Conflagration

27 bands from Bellingham donate a song each to this—the fourth—Bellingham compilation. Obviously, with 27 bands on one tape there is going to be some pretty good music covering many different styles...and there is. Highlights of this tape are Megafred, LOAF, Wicker Biscuit, The Meek, Mono Men, Crayon, Uncle Sally, and Stagnant Water. Just buy it.

What Are We On - Metanoia Records

This compilation is well worth your money. I assumed it would be full of metal bands but it's not. It contains the best young talent in Calgary such as Huevos Rancheros, Agony Pipe, Wedge, Anxious Poets, Zen, Ramada Gods and more. If you want to find out what's going on in our neighbouring province by itself or go check out the bands when they tour sometime soon. For more information write Paul @ 7915-134 Ave. N.W., Calgary, Alta., T3B-1P4

Way Beyond

Yes, I know they're an American band but they dropped me the nicest note...Way Beyond has been playing Seattle for two years now at places like the Off Ramp and the OK Hotel and their engineer for this demo was Chris Hanzek, who worked with Green River and the Sub Pop 200 release. Despite all this wonderful info this band did not thrill me, initially, but maybe they're one of those bands that grows on you? They got a bit of that Seattle guitar sound going with standout tracks "Out Of My Head" and "Bloody Mary." Overall the band is strong in every way. Already, this band has started to grow on me. You can make a personal visit to their offices at E. Denny Way, #303, Seattle, WA, 98122

Laffing Stock/GoatBoy - Good Stuff Maynard!...nope
Demo Of The Month! You can obtain this by writing to 419 Henry St., Victoria, B.C., V9A-3J3. I've been listening to this cassette demo at home and in the car so therefore neglected to review it last month. I believe this is only one of maybe three demos that I've been listening to for pleasure and not just for reviewing purposes since I started this column. Great cover art by Hanz Fear.

Laffing Stock reminds me a bit of Section 46 at times, perhaps because of Loobag's piss (which they do thank them for). It's fast but has slower funky parts to skank to, and Jason sings preachy, but good, lyrics. Goddamn interesting cover of "Won't Back Down" by Tom Petty. GoatBoy aren't scared to incorporate cowbells and some guy named Joe yelling, whom they grabbed just before the recording, for their sound. They seem to be a rather angry bunch of young men who are holding back from beating the shit out of everyone around them. Hidden amongst the noise is some definite energetic talent—lotsa fast guitars and drumming—and these guys should not slow down.

Keep sending those demos. Until next month, see ya.



Only got a few CD's to speak of this month.

M.C. Brains has a Motown Records release out called **Lover's Lane** featuring a total of nine tracks. "Oochie Coochie," the first 12" off this CD, is playing on the commercial radio stations and is extremely mainstream sound'n'. M.C. Brains makes his attempt at droppin' a little reggae on "Everybody's Talkin' About M.C. Brains" and a singing chorus is also in the mix. R&B ball to the max! Same with the following tune.

On side two is an alright sound'n' song, called "G-string," starting with a guitar solo and then dropping to a slow, low-rolling beat. All in all, though, this CD isn't my good. It's very basic, the lyrics are no big deal, and the music and beats are the same old same old.

What's the latest hype on the

club scene? Those two little Macks whose style of dress is wearing it backwards. The look that'll surely turn some homies jeans around is called **Totally Krossed Out** and is also the name of **Kriss Kross'** 1992 Ruffhouse release.

There are 15 tracks with two having already been 12" releases from this dub. First, "Jump" tore up the dancehalls and hit number one on 95.3FM, a.k.a. Zradio, and many other stations, I'm sure. It is a new, fresh sounding group of kids that actually rapped unlike all those other kid crews that do a little rap in there R&B cappy tunes. There are plenty of stolen samples from famous rap songs like N.W.A's "She Swallowed It," just to mention one. The songs are very basic but are told from li'l boys points of view. "Warm it Up" is the second release they now in the clubs and it's gettin' the play.

Kriss Kross consists of two confident youngsters that rap about such incidences as missing the bus, trying to get into a night club then being thrown out (because of their age), and growin' up as li'l boys in the hood. There's a lot of variety and although their songs are somewhat predictable, as far as beats and lyrics go, there is something kinda hype and raw. They kinda make yah wanna Jump! Jump!

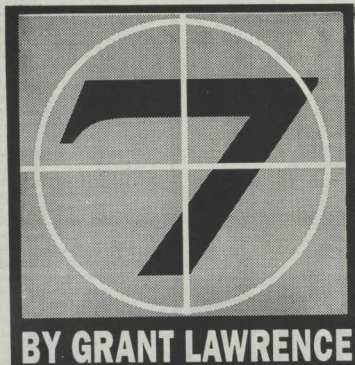
The last CD I have to mention is by one who I have chosen as rapper of the month. The CD is titled **Daddy's Little Girl** and the rapper... **Nikki D!** This lady is the first female rapper to be signed by DefJam Recordings and this 13 track release is a definite winner. Some of the choruses may be a bit lame-o but the rest is real smooth! "Daddy's Little Girl" was the first single off this CD...ok, but not that great, with Suzanne Vega's "Tom's Diner" riff rollin' over a drum beat. "Hang on Kid" was the next 12" to hit the scene and that basically followed the footsteps of the previously mentioned.

The latest hit that is truly slamin' is titled "Wasted Pt. #2." Nikki Dhas crazy-hype tracks. Some are fun tunez like "Sunny Daze" that just describe the cheerful, active days of summer, and "All About You," which is aimed at a specific male Nikki's been scopin' out. Other topics dropped deal with the pathetic use of plastic surgery, Nikki losing her man to another man and, in "18 and Loves to Go," she tells of how girls are starting to have sex at too young an age.

This disk kinda shows exactly what time it is and damn sure proves it! With a positive attitude, a strong confident voice, and intelligent lyrics, Nikki D school's the ladies and puts those gentlemen in check! And this Ain't no... "Freak Accident!" Peace!



NIKKI D



BY GRANT LAWRENCE

Evening folks, this month I'm writing from the road. Yes, that's right, my rock and roll combo the Smugglers are touring the States but nothing stops the press. Meaning I'm sitting in the home of Mike Olson, from Oliveland, in Los Angeles, California. The 7-inch selection this month is a direct hit from Mike's massive collection. All selects are fairly hot-off so here goes... a California punkers guide to rock and roll.

First up is the **Jon Spencer Blues Explosion** from In the Red Records. Mike states, "It's one of the best singles out today, 'cuz it's a 1:26—ya can't understand the lyrics—with a horrible lead-guitar solo coming out of the right speaker. Basically, these guys are a fucked-up cheetah, rockabilly group. Jon Spencer is the dude in Pussy Galore and Boss Hogg, from New York." Thanks Mike, great.

A record Mike most recently bought was a 7" on Sympathy for the Record Industry. This time the rekkid is from NW faces **Gas Huffer**. Says Mike, "Gas Huffer never lets me down." This single, featuring, "Mole" and "Body Buzz" is Gas Huffer's best work to date. Guitarist Tom Price makes his lead vox debut with "Mole," a great melodic punk rock song, and "Body Buzz" features lead singer Matt Wright debating on lead guitar in this surf instrumental. A great sin-

gle from a consistently great group.

The **5.6.7.8's** are an incredible find in Mike's selection. They're a wild rock and roll combo straight from the States with an amazing 'now' sound. The songs "Ah so" and "She was a Mau Mau" are spat out by 3 chicks and one dick and, as Mike depicts, "they sound like Japanese Headcoaters." Find it now, the first 1,000 on are on Japanese pearl pink vinyl.

And now for the transition: **speaking of Headcoats**, a new one from the Estrus Crust Club of Estrus Records, Bellingham. "Me Dear Watson" and "Hogs Jaw" have both been released before, weren't smashes then and certainly aren't on a weaker reissue. "So," I say, "what's the point?" Mike agrees. Great packaging, if that's any consolation.

Also new on Estrus is the mighty **M-80's** from Norfolk, VI. Crunchy, melodic garage pop. The A-side, "Seeing Things" is great with cool harmonies. "Split" and the Falling Angels cover of "Bad Girl" ain't had neither! Mike Olson of Oliveland, however, says that the M-80s are a "Horribly shitty pop band with annoying vocals digressed further by band maracas." Oh the power of the difference in opinion.

Mike's select of the month is **Hammerhead's** "Load King" from Amphetamine Reptile

Records. Though a bit too noisy and dirgey for this tongue, Mike calls them "an incredible band, very influenced by Helmet, but way more upbeat. It's an excellent display of songs tuned to D." Yeah, o.k., they rock it. Good energy here.

Puget Power III is out! Yes, that fab series from the amazing Regal Select Records is back, featuring the best of the northwest. **Calamity Jane** kicks it off with "Shark," a foxcore punker that ain't too far off Dickless. **Rancid Vatis** next with "Breakin' Bones." At this point, I have nothing to say.

Mudhoney kick starts, side two with a great (Mike and I agree) new song called "Bush Pusherman." It rocks! It's great! Mudhoney sound inspired again... beat Mudhoney tune in two years easy. The **Nightkings** wrapped things up in a psycho-tronic whirlwind of teen-bate with "Black Fluid." Mike calls the Nightkings "the best rock and roll band in the country... don't mess with 'em."

Puget Power III is a pretty great third chapter, I must say.

For our final selection, we have chosen a bit of a biased platter, that being the **Mono Men's** new 7" on Mike Olson's own label, Rekkids. What the fuck, he deserves the plug for letting the Smugglers stay at his wonderful house here in LA. Yes, it's very hot here. The Mono Men yet again tackle Sonics covers here: "He's Waitin'" and "Boss Hoss." To date no band ever has been able to cover "He's Waitin'" and do it any justice. The Mono Men have just changed that. Their version of the classic demon tune rips. Loud guitars, booming bass and strong vocals. I can't believe I'm saying this about these Bellingham drunks but... they're great! "Boss Hoss" is equally powerful and an amazingly rocking version. I'm actually excited to see these boozers again, if they'll let me in. Best Mono Men stuff I've ever heard.

So that's it from the vaults of o' vinyl of the famed social rocker Mike Olson. Check out Oliveland's record, **Sophomore Jinx**, on Cargo records for a rocking good time. I know there were local singles released this month but because of my current geographical predicament I could not feast over them this month. Next time, I promise.

Dialing for Celebrities

QUEST FOR HANK PART 1

AND EXCURBUS WAS SAD FOR THE THINGS OF KEDUNA WERE OF NO RELATION TO HENRY

WHY SAD? DOES EXCURBUS THINK HENRY IS COOL?

NO.

BECAUSE 10 YEARS AGO...

A YOUNG EX WEAT TO SEE BLACK FLAG IN HIS PUNK BEST, EX FELT LIKE A HARD CORE CLOWN.

STAYFOY

AFTER A DOWNRIGHT CHEESEY SET, A ONE HANK ROLLING WALKED PAST A YOUNG EXCURBUS AND WHITERED...

"FAS..."

AAAH

CRUSHED BUT NOT OUT EXCURBUS ROSE ABOVE BUT LIKE ANY GOOD 2 BIT 2ND RATE FREAKS HOW CLOWN HE STILL HOLDS A GRUDGE!

X HANK, I WILL FIND YOU AND THEN WE'LL DECIDE WHO THE "FAS" IS. BUT I WILL THANK YOU, YOUR LITTLE INSULT SAVED ME THE EMBARRASMENT OF A TRIP TO BLACK FLAG BARS. WHERE'R MY GIGARS!

NEXT TIME EXCURBUS VISITS VICTORIA.....



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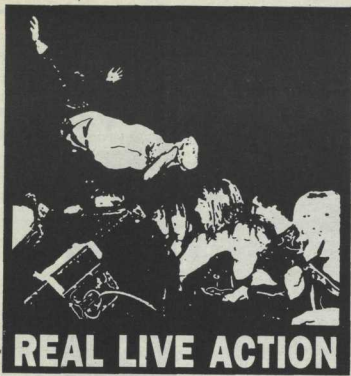
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DISORDER

LOCAL MUSIC DIRECTORY

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18 DISORDER



Spirit of the West Commodore Ballroom Sunday 5 May

This show was billed as the Music West convention "wrap party" and upon arrival I expected to see many of the very same faces, I had seen at Canada Place, drunkenly staggering around with their spirits broken because they were not signed by the same people who produced Celine Dion.

Thankfully, the show was open to the general public so not everybody there were slinky Michael Bolton dopplegangers that had convened to pollute this town with their "need to sing" or their "vive de joie".

Spirit of the West took a lot of criticism for their new sound when *Go Figure* was first released. Indeed, the content of the album made one ponder if the band had hung around a little too closely with The Wonderstuff. Still, the punters were enthusiastic and even I, your unbiased journalist, had to run out and buy a disc of "Home For a Rest" and "D For Democracy".

The new sound seems to have worked for them. Geoffrey Kelly still looks smug and aloof on the stage, so Spirit of the West purists be firm that that part of the act will probably never change. I came, I saw, I had fun.

A.O. Chapman

The Smugglers Vogue (Seattle, WA) Wednesday 6 May

I had the pleasure of seeing this West Vancouver band in Seattle, for the last US city of their North American Tour.

A good show with many favourites including "Chicks Like That", "Shut up and Fuck me", "Flying Bitches of Love", and a slew of other great hits. Their punkygarage type sound fills the air, and the hearts of their listeners and has even excited Poppinella Records enough to sign them to their label (which includes Young Fresh Fellows and Girl Trouble).

Sooo, turn up the volume (which is where it was on this night) and let into your soul the screaming guitar, punk drums, and just plain fun. Go buy their record, *Smugglers at Marzeland*, and see what it's really like to taste the rock lick of Vancouver's salt air.

Biddie Bat

Meat Puppets Disposable Heroes of Hipocrisy Town Pump Thursday 7 May

The Disposable Heroes of Hipocrisy are all about responsibility—personal and political. So when a friend told me he was irresponsibly reproducing himself

tunes, and a real bore suit.

The relative highlight of the evening came fairly early on when Scott B. took the stage all on his lonesome and stirred up an energetic set of simple and powerful urban-acoustic songwriting. A cross between Bob Weizen and without the keyboard and Vice Chentini without the heroin habit. Good stuff. I forgot about my sore butt during Scott B., so I guess that says it all.

The Indecisives closed up the evening with a faithful performance of kooky pop tunes that were about as stripped-down and surreal as kooky pop can be. Singer Zai was the focus and highlight of their performance with his growly, off-key vocals and amazing eyebrows. Most people sing through their mouths; Zai sings with his whole face. I bought one of their singles (you should too, if only for the bizarre John Gotti-covering-the-Cherston-station photo on the cover).

The other musical offerings of the evening (No Evil Hair and Sons and Lovers) just left me with a sore butt.

Rory Lait

Reverend Horton Heat Town Pump Saturday 9 May

Scotter: "Hi, what time does the Reverend heat the stage?"
Pump Plunky: "11:30."
"Thanks. Oh, by the way, who's opening for him?"
"Dead Surf Kiss."

"Too bad."
CLICK

Unfortunately, my timing to get to the show was a little off and I had to endure the last exorcising song in Dead Surf Kiss' set. But with the dance floor empty and the numbers reaching capacity in the lobby I felt justice was served. Justice, however, seems to have something else in mind for the DSK boys as the local music-mourner-mill spits out word of their label-man declaring bankruptcy, in turn severing all financial backing, and slipping town with the Sheriff's posse box on his tail. The only consequence to this otherwise awkward prayer is that they must return to working on my car and great talent like Numb and Brilliant Orange are dealt the same fate.

Uncertainly, on first glance, Horton looks like the murderer from *Rear Window*—pointed out to me by Barry from Cargo Records—and a little resemblance is also taken to Bill Janovitz from Buffalo Tom. Maybe this combination has

something to do with the way Heat takes to approaching music. Not unlike the homicidal type, Heat sneaks up on his prey and lunges his hands' softcore version of rockabilly—henceforth known as billy-core—onto the unsuspecting. You know a lot of people went to this gig anticipating to hear some cheat rock because it carried the Sub Pop tag victim. And with the debonair and genius of a musical pioneer he sidesteps his peers for a more adventurous plateau. One might think this difficult with the uncomplicated rockabilly sound but that's what separates the Reverend Horton Heat apart from...all the others (?).

With the modesty of J. Mascis and the humility of Buddy Holly, Horton leads his band's billy-core into through the trenches at a frantic, but soulful, pace. Not to be outdone by the aggressive whim of the Drums, or the early-morning drop-of-the-lure-into-a-glass-like-plunk from the standbys, Horton squeezes more than enough soul from each note for a tall refreshing glass of rockabilly ooze for all.

Whether it be the kinetic instrumentation of "Manjuna", the full-bore rhapsody of "Psychobilly I'm a rockin' hummer", or "Yah, I'm a redneck, so what about it bitch?" to a rude, female patron, Reverend Horton Heat and his billy-core posse are redefining the term power trio. Forget about Primus, or XTC, or Rush, or N-band, the Reverend is here to save your mortal souls from musical purgatory...and did I say Scooter.

Skatnism #2 Aging Youth Gang The Sweaters Loobag Nappy Dogout Saturday 9 May

This was the first of what promises to be an almost weekly series of all ages shows at the Nappy Dogout (a new venue set up by P.D.'s Hotshop). The big disappointment this night was the lack of people, especially the 18 and younger crowd, as there was only about 50 people in attendance.

Every one always complains about the lack of all ages shows and when there is one, no one thinks to show up. You need to come out and support these bands and promoters to ensure these gigs happen.

Enough preaching. The show was excellent, as was the sound which I thought would be similar to the echo-

this is one ugly bunch of guys. Thankfully, their music doesn't suffer from all the time not spent in front of the mirror shaving, combing, and practicing favourite rock poses. Notice, however, that they do not sing about hygiene."

It seems only fitting that Treepop would be playing the equally disgusting Up and Up Tavern in Bellingham, with TAD in the much larger Bellingham Bay Brewing Co. next door. Why I chose to see Treepop and not TAD was simple: my girlfriend wanted to go, ergo see.

The fact that I even got to the Up and Up was a joyous event in itself as the first time I approached the club I was greeted by a Neanderthal doorman who couldn't cross-reference a birth certificate, student ID, and Alberta bar card (whether he knew what where Alberta was is questionable), therefore excluding me from that night's festivities. Fortunately, this night's doorman graduated from elementary school so with a pencil, and about 5 minutes of "carry the knot" he was able to figure out that 1992 minus 1967 makes me older than 21.

Prairie School was already on the stage by the time we got friendly with the frosty griping of Red Hot Chili Peppers, they were interrupting my reading "The Fall of the House of Dinosaur" in the latest Hype issue, I found them to be an enjoyable guitar band. Yeah, I know, kind of a vague term but for lack of a better one... They weren't Superconductors on the sense of guitar but more apply a band you can read to. This is good considering I can only think of two other artists to which I can perform that feat, those being James Taylor and XTC.

Now either I was really drunk or Treepop rocked because the first time I saw them (with Voodoo Garshitz and Gnome at the Cruel Elephant) they blew hard. That is, they blew their heads in the first 30 minutes of the Up and Up as well, with "No Doubt", "Liquid Bay", "Furnished", "It's Alright Now Ma", and "Big Mouth Strikes Again" plus a few others. I guess they were in a rush to go see the AD too.

Paul T. Brooks

Bewitched Kreviss Mecca Normal Cruel Elephant Wednesday 20 May 1992

I was psyched for this gig. I've been playing Mecca Normal for a year and was really looking forward to catching them with Kreviss, whom I had heard of, and Bewitched, whom I knew nothing about except they were ex-members of Sonic Youth and Pussy Galore. If I had remained ignorant of them I wouldn't have missed much.

Mecca Normal's stage-work was a real surprise. Jean Smith in her psych-edelic bellbottoms and black stiletto, beaded shirt was a lot more showy and imposing than I had expected. Her voice reminded me of Grace Slick but no one noticed. The me and David Lester played an adventurous set, with Smith wandering out to sing—sans microphone—among the audience and later playing guitar with her feet. I'm glad to see them playing gigs but their sound is definitely better on vinyl. I really have respect for a duo who can put out music that never makes you wish the band was bigger.

Bigger bands can make up for excitement though. Kreviss filled the stage with two drummers, one bassist, and their famed six guitars. Most of the women were wearing floral prints (bonus points) and one of the main vocalists had an awesome pair of white vinyl, lace, zip up gogo boots to complement her rockin' ranchy voice. Kreviss' other singer's voice is not quite as sultry, but she does an impressive job on their new single "Going to Hell", with a mega-

phone for the melody.

Now for the sad part. Bewitched were lame. Well, their drummer was pretty cool even at the back of the stage she had more presence than the other three guys—and when she came up to sing it was the first good song they did, but the rest of the set just didn't inspire. Considering they'd come all the way from New York, I think both the audience and the band were disappointed with each other.

Helen G.

Mordecai Richler Discovery Theatre May 22 1992

The primary problem with Mordecai Richler's travelling "Canada In Crisis" sideshow is that it's difficult to determine exactly who Richler wishes to vent his famous contempt upon. Is it the earnest Westerners who have come to gain a more intimate comprehension of the on-going Quebec question? Is it the would-be sophisticates who syncope to celebrityhood like young girls to pimple teen idols? Or is it Richler himself for submitting to such a macabre "take the money and run" tour? The answer lies likely Richler's contempt falls on a mixture of the audience and himself, but what I saw and heard at the Discovery Theatre the lines of such distinction began to blur.

Besides, in both his controversial bestseller *Oh Canada! Oh Quebec!* and his mock performance piece at the Discovery Theatre, constantly reiterates the need for intelligence and depth to be brought to the conflicts between French and English Canada in our cultural discourse. He's right of course. Yet the Discovery Theatre saw little of that from Mordecai Richler on this particular evening.

The short lecture consisted of a condensed version of Richler's current book and the preceding New Yorker article that spawned it. As an unexpected fringe benefit it also displayed to me just how hard someone like *Swimming to Cambodia* and *My Secret History* must have taken to his craft to be as good as he is. For a straight reader, Richler seemed bored and tired of the material; his attitude resembling that of Jack Jagger still singing "Satisfaction".

On the whole Richler was slightly disrespectful to an audience paying \$25 each, however most of the questions the audience put to the author were boring, irrelevant and stupid in nature.

In fact the general consensus amongst the well-heeled 16th Row proportion of the audience and the third generation beanie proportion of the audience, was to view Richler as a wizard who knew all and, sage-like, could open for us the door to a world of relevant political and economic questions that, even if he could answer confidently, disinterested Richler as distracting from the issue specifically in concern.

Athe obligatory book-signing session afterwards Mordecai Richler appeared barely able to make eye contact with his fawning admirers. He must have noted himself that seemingly half of the evening's audience purchased copies of *Oh Canada! Oh Quebec!* from the book stall in the theatre lobby. Had not all these people already read the book? Or, like many of his most out-spoken critics, are the most visible Mordecai Richler fans simply name-dropping reactionaries?

Richler, on the whole, held up his part of the performance; his audience also held up theirs—they were full of good intentions, they were dull and just a little bit snooty. Probably exactly what Richler expects.

Dominic Patten

BASSIST FROM REVEREND HORTON HEAT



photo by Len Whistler



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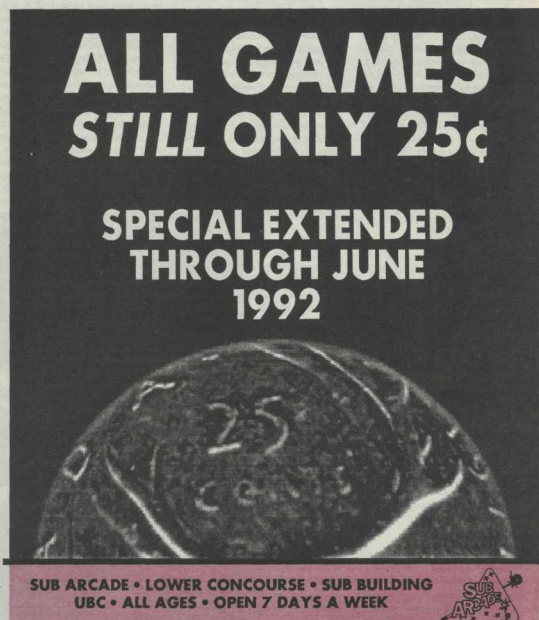
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**Jon Wayne
(Fists Pumped)**

Country guys are always trying to not do each other in terms of ploys. You know, one guy sings about his dog dying, so the next guy sings about his wife leaving him. Next thing you know "yer listening to some unemployed guy, whose wife just got shot by the sheriff, catwalkin' about having a brain tumor and only one arm. Christ, sometimes I think these country singers only dress that way because they want to illicit pity.

Well, the good news is that the pubes-fest has reached its peak on Jon Wayne's *Text Funeral LP*. For example, of Jon uses the "my wife left me" line, but in this case she's just "on the carpet and shot the horse" before she, he. And Mr. Wayne is not just broke, he's so poor he has to "jerk off the dog just to feed the cat."

The rest of the album adheres to the mockery established by the lyrical content, giving the voice is intentionally made tiny and thin, Wayne's album a depression-era feel. At the same time, the frequent stops and starts of Wayne's back-up band adheres to the time-honored country tradition of hiccupping for an audience. The go-to work of Ernest Bovine adds to the mix by waverling between being totally out of place and being totally cliché-ridden.

So take a listen to Jon Wayne. His cool Texas drawl, when combined with totally irrelevant lyrics, makes for some pretty entertaining parody of a genre that richly deserves the treatment.

Chris Urn

**Lyle Lovett
Joshua Judges Ruth
(MCA)**

Do you like Lyle Lovett? Run out and buy his new album, *NOW*. Not so hot on him? Never

heard of him? Why not? The word cross-over has scared another of the worst cross-over has found another for plain old entertaining musicianship. On *Joshua Judges Ruth*, Lovett keeps the country-bug band jazz-melting pumping furiously and then throws in a little gospel to get things really going. Call him anti-religious, but this Lovett guy never throws anything out, thank god.

The large band is still in attendance, as are the beautiful harmonies of Emmylou Harris and the Dixie-olds of Vanic Reed. Of course, there's also those too-clever-for-their-own-good lyrics. Master to the blingy tiny images ("the sun comes up in a coffee cup" without a place I've had enough, the sun goes down in another world, bartender please, another round. No one writes a poignant love lament ("She's already mad as hell") or tells a great story ("Family Reserve," "Fourth Last Time") like Lyle Lovett.

With *Joshua Judges Ruth*, his finest album, Lovett seems not to be gaining momentum. I, for one, am wet with anticipation for his live tour.

Tania Bolskaya

UNDER REVIEW

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(MCA)**

Do you like Lyle Lovett? Run out and buy his new album, *NOW*. Not so hot on him? Never

heard of him? Why not? The word cross-over has scared another of the worst cross-over has found another for plain old entertaining musicianship. On *Joshua Judges Ruth*, Lovett keeps the country-bug band jazz-melting pumping furiously and then throws in a little gospel to get things really going. Call him anti-religious, but this Lovett guy never throws anything out, thank god.

The large band is still in attendance, as are the beautiful harmonies of Emmylou Harris and the Dixie-olds of Vanic Reed. Of course, there's also those too-clever-for-their-own-good lyrics. Master to the blingy tiny images ("the sun comes up in a coffee cup" without a place I've had enough, the sun goes down in another world, bartender please, another round. No one writes a poignant love lament ("She's already mad as hell") or tells a great story ("Family Reserve," "Fourth Last Time") like Lyle Lovett.

With *Joshua Judges Ruth*, his finest album, Lovett seems not to be gaining momentum. I, for one, am wet with anticipation for his live tour.

Well, the good news is that the pubes-fest has reached its peak on Jon Wayne's *Text Funeral LP*. For example, of Jon uses the "my wife left me" line, but in this case she's just "on the carpet and shot the horse" before she, he. And Mr. Wayne is not just broke, he's so poor he has to "jerk off the dog just to feed the cat."

The rest of the album adheres to the mockery established by the lyrical content, giving the voice is intentionally made tiny and thin, Wayne's album a depression-era feel. At the same time, the frequent stops and starts of Wayne's back-up band adheres to the time-honored country tradition of hiccupping for an audience. The go-to work of Ernest Bovine adds to the mix by waverling between being totally out of place and being totally cliché-ridden.

So take a listen to Jon Wayne. His cool Texas drawl, when combined with totally irrelevant lyrics, makes for some pretty entertaining parody of a genre that richly deserves the treatment.

Do you like Lyle Lovett? Run out and buy his new album, *NOW*. Not so hot on him? Never

He throws the ticket onto the ground near a few others and picks up his bag. He goes around to the driver's side. He steps on the accelerator and hears a crack. It's one of the tapes the girl threw at the boy. He picks it up. *Cracker*. The cover shows a tin of sand.

He flips the tape over. "See the Light." "Mr. Wong." "Can I Take My Love to Heaven." "Don't Fuck Me Up With Peace and Love."—what the hell, he thinks. He goes into the truck and opens Theresa's tired, old Dolly Parton tape and punches in this "Cracker" thing.

He turns the ignition and the tape starts playing. Warm it was he was expecting—loud guitars, rock 'n' roll, but there's something else and sad about the singer's voice that keeps him interested.

He hits the highway going about sixty miles an hour singing along to the chorus of "See the Light." He cracks open a Bud and checks his rearview mirror to make sure he's not being followed by a shotgun-wielding maniac on a Harley-Davidson.

The coast is clear. The road stretches out before him, a ribbon of promise. The truck is cold, the sun's shining and he's got a full tank of gas. Maybe it won't be such a bad day after all.

Shawn Conner

Urge Overkill The Stull EP Touch and Go

There's nothing that gives you that inspiring sense of being more than waking on a dew-dusted morning with the roba pulling worms out of the grass, the sound of a hockey car in the spokes of the paperbikes, the smell of a sleeping pool of English Breakfast tea, and you gotta love 'em.

If you're worried about those special moments and you're not quite sure whether Stull is appropriate, remember that from strip joints in Vegas to Kahanas on the Riviera, with red wine or white, U.R.G.E. can set the mood for any night.

Paul J. Brooks

arrival of the long-awaited lounge-core hybrid. There was an obvious direction for National "Nash" Kato, Blackie Onassis, and Jack Koeber as their last 4-keases heard this Chicago trio noodling with solid emotion heart-heating, vocal orchestration, and the stylish musical panache that was once only reflected in their dapper apparel.

Thankfully, Stull is a photo album from the early '70s, which, coincidentally, depicts the U.R.G.E. evolution. "Stull Part 1" is a Tom Jones-ish, under-the-breath, musical mood-setter, with the brilliant combination of a tambourine, bougie percussion, and a free-form guitar chording across across with the smoothness of the crushed-velvet Elvis hanging above the fireplace.

And just as the Brandys start to take effect, the tape begins to drip onto the table, and you're full-tilting into your roll on the beakskin rug. "Stitches" whips its way into your romantic rendezvous. This is a modestly pompous tune which grabs your lover by the genitals and says, "I've got an instrument, and I know it to use."

Also included on Stull are "What's This Generation Coming To" and "Now That's The Hardcore" which were originally used as a Sub Pop single of the month some time ago.

"Generation" is a kick in society's teeth to re-evaluate the demise of vinyl—possibly, not only an audio treasure but as a swell fabric—while "Hardcore" is an anthemic alma-mater-chant with a climatic "Baba O'Riley"-ish keyboard fervor.

Send up the cheer, U.R.G.E. is here, and you gotta love 'em.

If you're worried about those special moments and you're not quite sure whether Stull is appropriate, remember that from strip joints in Vegas to Kahanas on the Riviera, with red wine or white, U.R.G.E. can set the mood for any night.

Paul J. Brooks

Various Artists Fortune Cookie Prize: A Tribute to Beat Happening (Small Machines 87)

As a recent convert to this minimalist trio, I can only say, "What a gem!" if you like snarling optimism, feedback, and boy-girl song-fills with passion, you had best check out this record. Feel good bonus: 100% of profits will go to a Washington-based youth program.

Scruffy, Velocity Girl, Sonic Youth, The Cammies, Leaky Chipmunk, Seaweed, Whorl, Superchunk, Urrest, Fish and Roses, Love Child and Geek all know the mag that is Beat Happening and offer their renditions of the groups' numbers. You need this.

Nancy Sin

Godleish Pun Earache/Relativity

To enter the fifth dimension, or hyperspace, one must direct oneself at right angles to this.

Chris Urn

every point in the universe. Apply the same approach to music and one arrives at grungecore, an unjustly obscure genre.

With *Pun*, Godleish (best potatoes w/ machines) have transcended grungecore, building a vast aural edifice, the sonic equivalent of a post-nuclear edifice. The name of the band is the ideal; the name of the album describes the contents.

This is not "new" music but I flatched on Chris Crissman's *Red*, the 1973 sci-fi movie cover which dispensed with all the perk-off accoutrements that "art-rock" (and, by extension, "music") cling to as signs of humanity.

Godleish delivers the new world that *Red* promised. The very static drum machine and wires, that when audible, accentuate the sense of genetic slumming.

Being "Mothra" is a common fantasy (as it should be). "Monstroramas" is a wallow in the biological sphere where the only issue is the amount of nutrients we life-forms can draw from the wastes (in every sense) we're consuming.

Paris is an attempt to transcend biology (I don't know who coined the term "paleobiology," but with it was me). I predict this thing of great beauty will remain on Earth long after the biosphere, awaiting alien travelers like a lost civilization, and they will be unable to resist it. And then their stomachs will burst open.

Dave "Wave Guns" Ouglia

Poison Idea Blank Blackout Vacant (Taang)

Please write your own review.

1. *Blank Blackout Vacant* is a tribute to:

A) redundancy

B) 1982

C) freed food every always

2. This album proves that:

A) self-parody isn't always funny or intentional

B) it's better to burn out than to fade away

C) if punk rock were a horse it would get sent to the glue factory

3. Musically, *Blank Blackout Vacant* makes extensive use of:

A) 1982

B) clicks

C) the *Flipside* magazine *How-to-Make-Punk-Rock Handbook*

4. Lyrically, the album makes extensive use of:

A) 1982

B) clicks

C) the *Flipside* magazine *How-to-Make-Punk-Rock Handbook*

5. On the other hand, the album does feature:

A) a helpful definition of the word "malicious"

B) a picture of a rock star in a Neil's t-shirt

C) a song called "Smack Attack"

6. Finally, I can only recommend you buy this album if:

A) you're still pissed that all this cool punk rock stuff happened when you were 12

B) you had 350 pound tattooed men irresistible

C) you want to find a synonym to "damage" without using a thesaurus

Chris Urn

MOFO'S PSYCHOSONIC PIX O' THE MONTH

This month's column: type thing is centered around the long-forgotten stars of the small screen. What better way to blow your hard-earned cash (or better yet, somebody else's) than from little fifteen minutes of fame by supporting character on a Neilsen family favorite than on your Redding singing career? I mean, why not? It's a good stepping stone from prime time star status to your blossoming future in potato chip ads, gossiping video stores, purchasing out transvestites, living in a trailer park and finding Jesus, or pulling hard time at San Quentin when the gun accidentally goes off.

After a long hard look at the pile of 'doom, I have assembled a few examples to amaze and horrify your friends; if you can find all of these, you are truly a psychosonic sleuth!

Cheryl Ladd/Liv (Capitol) She was Farris Fawcett's replacement on *CHARLIE'S ANGELS*, a true high point in the '70s phenomenon of "jiggly" shows. In between bubble "crime" (no, you sick puppies, no pun intended), Ladd fancied herself a singer. This LP literally opened a moderate hit with the schmaltzy "Think It Over." Most of the enigmatic debut is standard Hollywood overproduction with too much trim. Great inner scene photo of Cheryl getting down in the studio; makes it worth the dollar I paid for it. Cheryl was on the country pop with her second album, which sold three copies before she moved on to the *Love Boat* TV island circuit.

Checkability Rating: 65

Kim Fields/Love Me Not (Crisp/Quality) Yes, Kim Fields, lovable megapop of "The Facts of Life," decides to get away from the inane, green-governed, corporatocratic world of television and enter the...well, inessential, greed-governed, corporatocratic world of music. This twelve-inch is something even I didn't imagine existed. The pre-hippie dance track on disc A would appeal to people who get a kick out of the stuff long before anyone makes them put out. The prize, though, is "Dear Michael," an ode to the *Dangerous* one-militer cover photo has Ms. Fields posed with flowers, a mental suitcase, and, inexplicably, a wack. Go figure.

Checkability Rating: 76 (warning to diabetics; listen in small doses)

Tarzan/Tarzan: The Eyes of the Lion (King Lion) This doesn't really qualify, but it's far more interesting than singing has been. A transcript of an episode of the 1966 series, it has a wack cool gatofield swell with stills from the show with captions like, "Tarzan and Cheeta view a strange sight." And then, Ron Elly, "Tall and impressively well muscled" (according to the sleeve), sounds about as Tarzan-like as Jerry Seinfeld. "Tarzan's March," at the end of the episode, has a great, heavily percussive dirge-like beat that resembles an old Swans dirge. Wotta find!

Checkability Rating: 100

SPECIAL PIX O' THE MONTH

Randall A. Kugman/The Odd Couple Sing! (London) I'll be in a pine box before I part with this one! Felix and Oscar give the business to songs like "Luch Worm," "Johnny One Note," and "Applause, Applause," but their version of "You're So Vain" should have driven Cary Simm into apoplexy. The Eagle sang boys say in character through the LP, totally drowning out the song as they cringe in their half-way banter. Randall at least tries his Broadway best to get through these tunes but is stymied by before Kugman at each item. It doesn't get much more than this, folks.

Checkability Rating: Beyond mere numbers; this is TOTAL FUCKING GODHEAD!!

That's all I have for now, but I am on the hunt for these things:
-William Shatner LP
-Mary Hall's only LP
-Mario Thomas' LP *Free To Be, You and Me* (very rare)

So keep your glasses open, 'cause if I find them, you can bet you'll read about 'em! **NEXT MONTH:** All the headbush stuff! I partly pleasure from the last four decades! I have suggestions or finds can be sent to me care of CTR, and make sure you include your name and address and I'll send you something really annoying for the effort. Also in the near future: soundtracks from HELL, and advice on how to start up your very own Walt O' Shame!!



CHARTS

JUNE 92 LONG GROOVES 50

1	VARIOUS	CLAM CHOWDER AND ICE VS. BIG MACS AND BOMERS (NADWIAH)
2	THE YOUNG GODS	T.V. SKY (CAROLINE-PLAY IT AGAIN)
3	HARD ROCK MINERS	THE FINAL FRONTIER (SONTY)
4	WINDWALKERS	BALESTIC (EMINEM)
5	ISSUE AND MARY CHAIN	HONEY'S DEAD (WARNER-DEF AMERICAN)
6	SUPERCONDUCTOR	HEAVY WITH PUPPY (BONER)
7	FACEPULLER	CRANIAL EXPANSION DEVICE (TEMPLE NORTH)
8	YOKO ONO	WALKING ON THIN ICE (RYKO)
9	SHOWED	STOVEY'S SERVES DAILY SPECIAL (CONKURE)
10	TREEPEOPLE	SOMETHING VICIOUS FOR TOMORROW (TIME WHORE (CARGO-C/2))
11	BABES IN TOYLAND	THE PEE SESSIONS (DUTCH EASY-STRANGE FRUIT)
12	BODY COUNT	BODY COUNT (WARNER-BURE)
13	HEROES OF HERCORY	HYPOCRACY'S THE GREATEST LUXURY (LOVE-THAT'S WAY)
14	GODFISH	PURE (RELATIVITY)
15	GWAR	AMERICA MUST BE DESTROYED (WARNER-SLAVER)
16	KRONOS QUARTET	PIECES OF AFRICA (ELEKTRA)
17	TEAM	HEAD PARK (MONESTEAD)
18	SUPERSUCKERS	THE SONGS ALL SOUND THE SAME (EMPTY)
19	THE BROOD	VENDITTA (ESTRUS)
20	DIE	MACHINE ALTAR TRANSMISSION (FRINGE PRODUCT)
21	VARIOUS	DOPE-GUN'S-FUCKING VOLIC (CARGO-AMPHETAMINE REPTILE)
22	BEASTIE BOYS	CHECK YOUR HEAD (CAPITOL)
23	DAYGL0 ABORTIONS	TWO DOGS FUCKING (FRINGE PRODUCT)
24	GREEN DAY	KERPLUNK (LOOKOUT)
25	THE MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSONES	MORE NOISE AND OTHER DISTURBANCES (A&M)
26	POISON	BLANK BLACKOUT VACANT (A&M)
27	RIDE	GOING BLANK AGAIN (WARNER-BURE)
28	SR MKA-LOT	MACK DADDY (DEF AMERICAN-RHYME)
29	YO LA TENGO	MAY I SING WITH ME (CARGO-A&M)
30	CURVE	DOPE (GANGSTER-CHARISMA-WHA-AND-BOOB)
31	DOGS EAT DOGS	I DOG-EAT (DOGS EAT DOGS)
32	SKINNY PUPPY	LAST RIGHTS (NETTWORK)
33	SEXUALS	EXILE FROM FLOOTOWN (N/CARGO)
34	COWS	CUNNING STUNTS (AMPHETAMINE REPTILE)
35	CRACKER	CRACKER (VIRGIN)
36	ITCH	DYIN' TO BE JESUS (NETTWORK)
37	JERRY JERRY	DON'T MIND IF I DO (A&M-BURE)
38	PALE SAINTS	IN RIBBONS (WARNER-A&M)
39	SUPRCHUNK	TOSSING SEEDS (MERGE)
40	VARIOUS	WORLD MUSIC (LAND-MANGO)
41	3-D PICNIC	NEW WAVE PARTY (CARGO-EARTH MUSIC)
42	ALL	PERCUTATE (RIZ)
43	BORGESHA	DREAMERS IN COLOUR (ARCADE-FIRE) IT AGAIN SAME
44	BUFFALO TOM	LET ME COME OVER-REGGAS (BANQUET)
45	D.O.A.	BLOODED BUT UNBOWED / WAR ON A&M (ELECT)
46	HAPPYHEAD	GIVE HAPPYHEAD (A&M)
47	INDUSTRIAL ARIZ	4 DEMON BANG (CARGO)
48	THE MONKEY WRENCH	CLEAN AS A BROKE-DICK DOGS (BUSH POP)
49	NEGATLAND	GUNS (SST)
50	ROCKET-FROM THE CRYPT	PAINT AS A FRAGRANCE (CARGO-HEADHUNTER)

JUNE 92 SINGLE MAGNETIC PARTY CLOTHES

1	CAUSTIC THOUGHT	"PLANET CLAIRE"
2	JUDY RADUL	"BUCKLE UP"
3	SLOAN	"UNDERWHELMED"
4	FOAM	"SICKMAN"
5	PERFUME TREE	"DEATH IN PRIME TIME"
6	SALICE UNDERGROUND	"TWISTING ROPE"
7	SKANK	"THE NIGHT I MET SATAN"
8	PLANET OF SPIDERS	"PORCHLIGHT"
9	GOAT BOY	"TIRED"
10	GRAMES BROTHERS	"I GO"
11	UNDERTAKING	"BUMBLE BEE-B"
12	LEONARD CONAN	"HAD IT MADE"
13	SHORT LEASH	"BAD LADY"
14	RAINBOW ON GLASS	"SCULI BAY"
15	THE VASCETEMOIDS	"GLOVE TRILOGY"
16	HOOFAJUMP	"REFLECTIVE PRACITIONER"
17	CARDOKIA	"THEME FROM CARDOKIA"
18	THE NAKED AND THE DEAD	"KILLING YOU"
19	LAFFING STOCK	"HEAR OR THERE"
20	HAZEL MOTES	"THIS IS NOT RELIGIOUS"
21	VEDA HILLE	"LAINE"
22	DANNINGS	"I DON'T NEED YOU"
23	MYSTERY MACHINE	"SHAKY GROUND"
24	1010	"WAKE UP"
25	252 LEFT FEET	"BITTER DRINK"
26	CUTTER THAN SPUNKY	"FOR YOU"
27	MONKEY TRIAL	"SOULSICK"
28	SNOWDOGS	"K-CAR"
29	IMOGEN JAKES	"20TH CENTURY SKYLINE"
30	MOVIELAND	"HELLO"
31	DIC SCENE	"PLAIN TRUTH"
32	SHINE	"BUTTERFLY"
33	DIRT	"L.O.V.E."
34	FURNACE FACE	"DOWN THE DRAIN"
35	JONESTOWN	"HOOVER"

JUNE 92 SHORTIE GROOVES 35

1	THE BREEDERS	CD-STEP (POLYGRAM-A&M)
2	L7	EP (WARNER-SLAH)
3	FIDOP	"DRUGS" & "A CHION" / "DASHBOARD HULA GIRL"
4	SUM	PROMISE IS A PROMISE / "LANCIE ROKO"
5	JAWBOX	"TONGUES" / "ONES AND ZEROS" (DISCORD)
6	PHLEG CAMP	"BEAKER" (FRIAL NOTICES)
7	INTER MIX	CD-S / EP (WAX TRAX)
8	MADCHENBY / WAGSHUFER	"YOU SUDDASH" / "FIVE MANUALLY" (EMPTY)
9	BAD LIVERS	"JUST FOR LIFE" / "7/1ST PUPPET"
10	UNREST	BAVARIAN MODS / "7/10 (HOMESTAD)"
11	CAPTAIN S&D	THE KNICKERBOCKERTON / "SOPHISTIKOLONG" (HEARTPUNCH)
12	HOT GLUE YOUN	"I'LL KILL YOU" / "7/10 (MUD)"
13	HUYOS BANCHEROS	ROCKET TO NOWHERE / "7/10 (BURE)"
14	MURDER INC.	"MANIA" / "12 (UNVISIBLE)"
15	SYBIL	3-SONG / "7/10 (EMPTY)"
16	THE UNDERTAKERS	"TIME MACHINE" / "LOOKOUT" / "7/10 (BOMBERS)"
17	THE WOOGLES	"I GOT YOUR NUMBER" / "7/10 (CARGO-ESTRUS)"
18	BLUE-GREEN GODS / MIND SIRENS	"TOWA" / "ALASKA WHEN WINTER IS KING" (GUTTSON)
19	SARA CRAIG	EP (SARA CRAIG)
20	THE GORIES	"BABY SAY UNH" / "7/10 (CARGO-ESTRUS)"
21	THE INDECENSES	"FILL ME UP EP" / "7/10 (THRILL-O-BAMA)"
22	LAGNADON	"ANGRY VISION" / "TRAGIC DAYS" / "7/10 (WICK CHORDS)"
23	LOW POP SUICIDE	THE DISENGAGEMENT (EPICARTOL-WORLD DOMINATION)
24	MECCA NORMAL	ARMCHAIRS FIT THROUGH DOORWAYS / "7/10 (RECORDS)"
25	MULE	"UNCLE FUCK" / "7/10 (BROWNER)"
26	THE NATION OF UBBES	"THE BIRTH OF THE UBBES" / "7/10 (BROWNER)"
27	FRITCHIE / FEVER / S.C.I.G.I.	EXPLANATION OF A P.A.V.A / "7/10 (BROWNER)"
28	A HOUSE	"I DON'T CARE" / "I AM THE GREATEST" / "7/10 (RADIOACTIVE)"
29	BEDLAM ROVERS / WANNABE TEXANS	A BENEFIT FOR AMERICAN PEACE / "7/10 (SPIRIT)"
30	BIZARD SEX TRIO	(EP / UNVISIBLE)
31	CHEATER BUCKS	"I'M GROUNDING" / "CAN IT BE?" / "7/10 (THE BED)"
32	CHOCOLATE MOONIES	"MY GIRLFRIEND IS GONNA BEAT UP" / "7/10 (BOOZE FIGHTER)"
33	CRAYON	MOONBLIND EP / "7/10 (BURE)"
34	EXCESSIVE FORCE	"CONQUER YOUR HOUSE" / "12 (WAX TRAX-KEMFAM)"
35	THE FALLOUTS	DON'T WANT THE SUN / "7/10 (ESTRUS)"

WAVE ALL SORTS

BRYCE AND SCOOTER'S TOP 13 COW BANDS

MADONNA DEATH WATCH (TUESDAYS 8:15-11:00)

1. URGE OVERCOW
2. GAS HEFFER
3. FUCOWZI
4. SUPERCOWDUCTOR
5. COW BY LAW
6. STEER POLE BATHTUB
7. BEST COWSERS IN THE WORLD
8. THEE HEADCOWS
9. COWFIN BREAK
10. DIE COWZEN
11. URBAN COW SQUAD
12. BIG DRILL COW
13. BARRACOWDAS

RORY TAIT'S TOP SEVEN DAVID MARSDEN QUOTES

- from the SOAP 1040 "alternative radio" panel at Music West
1. "We don't have to sell the station... 70% of our advertisers are also our listeners"
 2. "We don't play music that's anti-anything."
 3. "We respect our listeners."
 4. "We're here to make good radio... but we also like to eat."
 5. "We're having a lot of fun."
 6. "We have a very friendly relationship with college radio, we're not competing with them."
 7. "First you have good programming; the listeners follow. That's good radio."

DO YOU REMEMBER ROCK'N'ROLL RADIO? DISCORDER CHARTS 5 YEARS AGO.

1	KALAHARI SURFERS	SLEEP ARMED (RECOMMENDED)
2	PRINCE	SIGN OF THE TIMES (WEA)
3	VARIOUS	ANIMAL LIBERATION (NETTWORK)
4	BUTTHOLE SURFERS	LOCUST ABORTION TECHNIQUE (TOUCH AND GO)
5	HUSKER DU	WAREHOUSE SONGS AND STORES (WEA)
6	D.O.A.	TRUE NORTH SONG AND FREEDOM
7	MARK STEWART AND MAFIA	MARK STEWART AND MAFIA (UPSIDE)
8	BHUNDU BOYS	SHABIN (DISCAFRIQUE)
9	KD LANG	ANGEL WITH A LARIAT (WEA)
10	GO FOUR 3	SIX FRIENDS (ZULU)



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PLUS BILL SMITH ENSEMBLE

Saturday, June 20, 8pm

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-Montreal Gazette

PLUS DIANA KRALL TRIO

Sunday, June 21, 8pm

GONZALO RUBALCABA

Cuban piano sensation

PLUS FRASER MACPHERSON &
OLIVER GANNON

Monday, June 22, 8pm

MARCUS ROBERTS

Pianist in the tradition of Ellington and Monk

PLUS INSIDE OUTSIDE

Tuesday, June 23, 8pm

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IRENE SCHWEIZER

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PLUS TRAVIS SHOOK TRIO

Thursday, June 25, 8pm

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Friday, June 26, 8pm

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Saturday, June 27, 8pm

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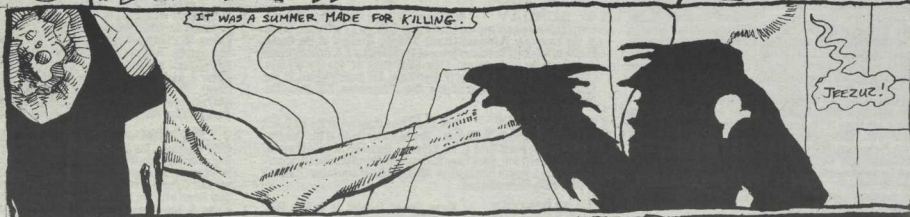
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SUNSHINE

OF MY LIFE.

1 MONDAY CITR Alternative Mondays at the Pit Pub... Zesty Cracker at the Railway... Laurie Lewis... Kathy Kallik Band at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Jim Watkins at the Yale... Roberta Scholter (Recent Works exhibition continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre until the 22nd)... This Is My Life (7:30pm) and Grand Canyon (9:25pm) at the Ridge... Jewish Film Festival: *Gates: An Evening of Shorts* (7:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

2 TUESDAY Phillips, MacDermott & Crane at the Glass Slipper... Norwhe Blossoms at the Railway... Jim Watkins at the Yale... Cruel '70s Disco at the Cruel Elephant... This Is My Life (7:30pm) and Grand Canyon (9:25pm) at the Ridge... Van Peit Inc at Gallery 56...

3 WEDNESDAY CITR Hot Wednesdays at the Pit Pub... She with Sulfur and Color of the Gods at the Cruel Elephant... Mays... Sounds at India at the Glass Slipper... Norwhe Blossoms at the Railway... Jim Watkins at the Yale... Jean Calabro exhibition opens at Gallery 56 (until the 27th)... Sleeping Dogs Lie performed to the music of Polka Dogs at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)... The Manbo Angels (7:30pm) and High Heels (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Firemakers in Person: *Monuments Far and Strange* (9:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

4 THURSDAY CITR Alternative Tuesdays at the Pit Pub... Rein Saccharin with For Christ's Sake and Causic thought at the Cruel Elephant... Ken Set Fried at the Town Pump... Bob Bell with Neurosis at the Glass Slipper... Rheostatics at the Railway... Jim Byrnes at the Yale... freeway Persuasion, Moist, Orbit in Bloom, Never Say Never at 86 Street... Jim Carroll with Vic Chesnut at the Pacific Cinematheque (Seattle)... Sleeping Dogs Lie performed to the music of Polka Dogs at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)... The Manbo Angels (7:30pm) and High Heels (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Firemakers in Person: *Monuments Far and Strange* (7:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

5 FRIDAY Hch with Telling Midgets and Vic Chesnut at the Cruel Elephant... Ralph Egert Quintet at the Glass Slipper... Colleen Savage at Gallery 56... Jim Byrnes at the Yale... Rheostatics at the Pacific Coliseum... Hank Williams Jr. with Patty Loveless & Doug Stone at the Pacific Coliseum... Jim Byrnes at the Yale... Sleeping Dogs Lie performed to the music of Polka Dogs at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)... Beauty and the Beast (7:30pm) and Hook (9:25pm) at the Ridge... Alexander Sokorov: *The Lonely Voice of Man* (7:30pm) and *Days of the Eclipse* (9:15pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

6 SATURDAY Windwalker with The Paper Tulpis and Ovarian Trolley at the Cruel Elephant... Francois Houle I Cetera at the Glass Slipper... Colleen Savage at Gallery 56... Jim Byrnes at the Yale... Country Dance at the WISE Hall... Rheostatics at the Railway... Angel CD release party: Facupell, Stigmata, Athletics Bus, Shime, Gabrielle, 6 Inch Maria, Juice Monkeys, Happy Man, Memory Day, Tanklog, Granes Bros., Catherine Wheel at the Commodore... The Fureys at the Eric Hamber Auditorium (7:30pm) and Over the Wall (9:30pm) at the Ridge... The Man at the New York Theatre... *Demolition Derby Finals* at 86 Street... Sleeping Dogs Lie performed to the music of Polka Dogs at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)... Beauty and the Beast (7:30pm) and Hook (9:25pm) at the Ridge... Alexander Sokorov: *The Lonely Voice of Man* (7:30pm) and *Days of the Eclipse* (9:15pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

7 SUNDAY Video Bar-b-que at the Glass Slipper... More in Concert at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Vancouver Goh Ballet Company at the Vancouver Playhouse (11am)... Foam at the Railway... Beauty and the Beast (7:30pm) and Hook (9:25pm) at the Ridge... Jewish Film Festival: *Escape to the Rising Sun* (7:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque... Meeting of the back room writer's society at the Railway Club (8pm)... Fraser River Festival at the Deas Island Regional Park, Delta (10am)...

8 MONDAY CITR Alternative Mondays at the Pit Pub... David Chasin at the Yale... Foam with Carmen Rogers at the Railway... The Rankin Family at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (7pm & 10pm)... Donovan with Tom Northcott at the Commodore... JFX (7:30pm) at the Ridge... Jewish Film Festival: *Escape to the Rising Sun* (7:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

9 TUESDAY CITR presents the Beastie Boys with Big Chief & Fu-Schmickens at the Commodore... Kate Hammel-Vaughn at Gallery 56... Cruel '70s Disco at the Cruel Elephant... David Chasin at the Yale... Yothu Yindi with Diamond Fit Werry at the Backstage (Seattle)... Dancing on Glass at the Railway... Al Stewart with Peter White at 86 Street... JFX (7:30pm) at the Ridge...

10 WEDNESDAY CITR Hot Wednesdays at the Pit Pub... Spiral Jetty with Electric Eye and Thieves of Silence at the Cruel Elephant... David Chasin at the Yale... Peter Huron Neron with Celtic Works at the Glass Slipper... Sepatu Big Boss at the Railway... Toto Le Heros (7:30pm) and Madame Ravary (9:25pm) at the Ridge... Hitchcock: *The Man Who Knew Too Much* (7:30pm) and *The Lady Vanishes* (9:05pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

11 THURSDAY CITR Alternative Thursdays at the Pit Pub... Alice Underground with Chrome Dog and Sludge at the Cruel Elephant... Major Handly at the Yale... Clyde Reed Quartet at the Glass Slipper... The Stoaters at the Railway... Toto Le Heros (7:30pm) and Madame Ravary (9:25pm) at the Ridge... Wisly Queer: *Fraser Youth, or Revolt of the Teenage Pervers plus Un Chant d'Amour* (7:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque... Pages from the Spring Catalogue of Movement at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)...

12 FRIDAY Surgery with Kraviss and Elvis Love Child at the Cruel Elephant... All with My Name at the Town Pump... Stellar Saxophone Quartet at the Glass Slipper... Poetry and Flamenco Quilts with Alice Texeumbe, Hilary Peach Blossom and Gary Bourgeois at Gallery 56... Major Handly at the Oyster Band with the Stoaters... The Commodore... The Stoaters at the Railway... Gas Huffer with Sinister Sex at Speedy O'Tubbs (Bellingham)... Hear My Song (7:30pm) and Riff

Raff (9:25pm) at the Ridge... Alexander Sokorov: *The Second Circle* (7:30pm) and *Nocturnal Indifference* (9:20pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque... Pages from the Spring Catalogue of Movement at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)...

13 SATURDAY Chris Houston & His Evil Twang with Black Happy at the Cruel Elephant... Roger Baird with Muskrat at the Glass Slipper... Major Handly at the Yale... Rockaway Revue at the Railway... Jumbalassy at Speedy O'Tubbs (Bellingham)... Oyster Band with Tim Lights at the Backstage (Seattle)... Hear My Song (7:30pm) and Riff Raff (9:25pm) at the Ridge... Alexander Sokorov: *The Second Circle* (7:30pm) and *Nocturnal Indifference* (9:20pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque... Pages from the Spring Catalogue of Movement at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)...

14 SUNDAY Ren Samworth Group at the Glass Slipper... Larita Lund Dancers and the Little Panda Children's Performing Group at the Vancouver Playhouse (11am)... Neville Brothers at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre... Rockaway Revue at the Railway... R.G. Country Music Awards at the Commodore... The Sink Boys at Speedy O'Tubbs (Bellingham)... Hear My Song (7:30pm) and Riff Raff (9:25pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque... Jewish Film Festival: *Hanno, King of Jerusalem* (7:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

15 MONDAY CITR Alternative Mondays at the Pit Pub... Oliver & the Elements at the Yale... The Beautiful South at the Commodore... Maisha World Beat at the Railway... Herb Ellis at Cafe Biango... Horsefathers (7pm), Duck Soup (8:30pm) and Animal Carcasses (9:55pm) at the Ridge... Jewish Film Festival: *Hanno, King of Jerusalem* (7:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

16 TUESDAY Karen Graves Quartet at Gallery 56... Johnny Nocturne at the Yale... Cruel '70s Disco at the Cruel Elephant... Herb Ellis at Cafe Biango... Show Business Giants at the Railway... The Beautiful South at the Backstage (Seattle)... Horsefathers (7pm), Duck Soup (8:30pm) and Animal Carcasses (9:55pm) at the Ridge...

17 WEDNESDAY CITR Hot Wednesdays at the Pit Pub... The Smeaters with The Show Business Giants and Vinagrettes at the Cruel Elephant... Jack Duncan's Shango Asia at the Glass Slipper... Johnny Nocturne at the Yale... Happy Man at the Railway... Truly, Madly, Deeply (7:30pm) and Close My Eyes (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Sink or Swim: The Films of Su Friedrich: *Sink or Swim* plus *The Ties That Bind* (7:30pm) and *First Comes Love* plus *Damned If You Don't and Gently Down the Stream* (9:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

18 THURSDAY CITR Alternative Thursdays at the Pit Pub... Agent Orange with Sonic Brain Jam and Noise Floor at the Cruel Elephant... Henry Boudin and Michel Gauthier at the Glass Slipper... Lecture at the Yale... First Things: *Reigning with Carolyn*... Stephen Monty and Dan Knyves and Gary Kook Release Party at Gallery 56... Happy Man at the Railway... Margaret Meneses at the Backstage (Seattle)... Sink or Swim: The Films of Su Friedrich: *Sink or Swim* plus *The Ties That Bind* (7:30pm) and *First Comes Love* plus *Damned If You Don't and Gently Down the Stream* (9:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

19 FRIDAY Sweaty Midgets with Sinner's Squal at the Cruel Elephant... Coal at Gallery 56... Johnny Nocturne at the Yale... Vancouver International Jazz Festival opens: The Staple Singers with John Hammond at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre (8pm); Bobby Bradford Mo'tet with Francois Houle Group at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm); Malikahiti & the Motetella Queens with Sango Asha at the Commodore (10pm)... The Picketts at the Railway... Sadhappy at Speedy O'Tubbs (Bellingham)... Charles Meslewhite at the Backstage (Seattle)... Alexander Sokorov: *Save and Protect* (7:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

20 SATURDAY Hedgehog with Mystery Machine at the Cruel Elephant... Amanda Hughes at Gallery 56... Johnny Nocturne at the Yale... Folk Music Festival Early Bird Tickets deadline... Vancouver International Jazz Festival continues: Paul Bey Trio with Bill Smith Ensemble at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm); Margaret Meneses with Fantazza at the Commodore (10pm)... The Picketts at the Railway... Load at Speedy O'Tubbs (Bellingham)... Phranc at the Backstage (Seattle)... Alexander Sokorov: *Save and Protect* (7:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

21 SUNDAY Vancouver International Jazz Festival continues: Oliver Jones with Diana Rial Trio at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm); Strum & Fash with Gelsolachado & K. Nozawa at the Commodore (9pm)... Frank Frink Five at the Railway... Royal City Youth Ballet at the Vancouver Playhouse (11am)... Jewish Film Festival: *The Assault* (7:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

22 MONDAY CITR Alternative Mondays at the Pit Pub... Canned Heat at the Yale... Vancouver International Jazz Festival continues: Gonzalo Rubalcaba with Fraser MacPherson & Oliver Gannon at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)... Feeding Ice Butterflies at the Railway... Jewish Film Festival: *The Assault* (7:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

23 TUESDAY Canned Heat at the Yale... Cruel '70s Disco at the Cruel Elephant... Vancouver International Jazz Festival continues: Marcus Roberts with Inside Outside at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm); Skywalk at the Commodore (9pm); Kokoro Dance & Kane/Taylor Explosion "Bats" at the Waterfront Theatre (9pm)... Jimmy Roy's 5 Star Hillbilly Boys at the Railway...

24 WEDNESDAY CITR Hot Wednesdays at the Pit Pub... Herald Nix at the Cruel Elephant... Floyd Dixon at the Yale... Jimmy Roy's 5 Star Hillbilly Boys at the Railway... Vancouver International Jazz Festival continues: Brotzmann/Crispel/Drake with Marilyn Crispell & Irene Schweizer at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm); Johnny Griffin Quartet with Ralph Moore Quintet at the Commodore; Kokoro

Dance & Kane/Taylor Explosion "Bats" at the Waterfront Theatre (9pm)... Murnau Double Bill: *Nesferatu* (7:30pm) and *The Last Laugh* (9:00pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

25 THURSDAY CITR Alternative Thursdays at the Pit Pub... Big Tall Garden with Grump and Drop Dolls at the Cruel Elephant... Floyd Dixon at the Yale... Vancouver International Jazz Festival continues: Richard Davis & Roland Hanna with Travis Shock Trio at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm); Katie Webster Band & Marion Williams at the Commodore; Kokoro Dance & Kane/Taylor Explosion "Bats" at the Waterfront Theatre (9pm)... Memphis Sax at the Railway... Egeberto Gismondi at the Backstage (Seattle)... Wisly Queer: *The Ranger* (7:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

26 FRIDAY The Hungry Crocodiles with John the Baptist at the Cruel Elephant... Harold Davis at the WISE Hall... Pnetos Perkins at the Yale... Memphis Sax at the Railway... Celtic Maringale at Gallery 56... Vancouver International Jazz Festival continues: John Abercrombie Trio at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm); Yellowjackets with Loney Universe at the Commodore (10pm); Kokoro Dance & Kane/Taylor Explosion "Bats" at the Waterfront Theatre (9pm)... Blackhappy at Speedy O'Tubbs (Bellingham)... Ovis Clay with Ann Peebles at the Backstage (Seattle)... Archangel (7:30pm) and *Tales from the Ginnal Hospital* (9:15pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

27 SATURDAY Poison Idea with Random Killing at the Cruel Elephant... Joe Bjornson's Latin Free Thing at Gallery 56... Cape Breton Dance at the WISE Hall... Pnetos Perkins at the Yale... Vancouver International Jazz Festival continues: Tim Berne Quartet at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm); Ovis Clay, Ann Peebles & the Memphis Soul Revue with Jim Byrnes Band at the Commodore (10pm); Kokoro Dance & Kane/Taylor Explosion "Bats" at the Waterfront Theatre (9pm)... Eartha Kitt at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre... Frank Frink Five at the Railway... Archangel (7:30pm) and *Tales from the Ginnal Hospital* (9:15pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

28 SUNDAY The Jesus Lizard at the Cruel Elephant... Vancouver International Jazz Festival closes: Barbara Dennerlein Trio with Ray Anderson at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm); Yomo Trio with Daniel Janke Quartet at the Commodore (9pm)... Frank Frink Five at the Railway... Les Enfants du Paradis (7:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

29 MONDAY CITR Alternative Mondays at the Pit Pub... Oliver & the Elements at the Yale... Mike Jacobs Band at the Railway... Les Enfants du Paradis (7:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

30 TUESDAY The Cure with The Cranes at the Pacific Coliseum... Judy Mowatt & Her All-Star Band at the Commodore... Mike Jacobs Band at the Railway... Clifford Duffy at Gallery 56... Luther Johnson at the Yale...

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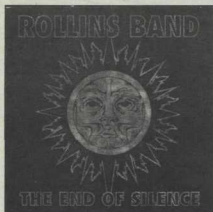
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Rollins Band

This album ought to be taken in regular doses, like medicine, to blast out all the negative, cynical, junk festering in your soul. If emotional honesty and caring mean anything at all to you, buy this album.

Eye magazine, Feb. 20, 1992, Chris Conner

This album goes beyond the confines of normal rock 'n' roll. It's tense, jagged, frightening, yet beautiful flashlight to the other side, a dark, yet compelling vivisection of the outer limits of untamed masculinity.

Melody Maker, Feb. 29, 1992, Dave Simpson



Garland Jeffereys

...a new collection of brilliant, painful songs about race that run counter to the black separatist themes of rap and have Jeffereys citing such iconoclastic black writers as Shelby Steele and Stanley Crouch as influences.

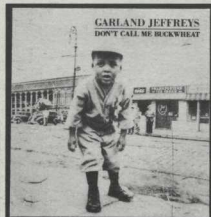
Vanity Fair

...the album is a very personal voyage through racial madness... There are songs about baseball's colorlines, bias in the world of rock music, the Ku Klux Klan. Mr. Jeffereys initial fears of Malcolm X as a "monster in monster proportions"

New York Times, Douglas Martin

Something of a precursor of the Black Rock Coalition, Jefferey mixes reggae, rock, doo wop, and hip hop into a swinging platform for his thoughts.

Q Magazine



The Church

Throughout their career, The Church consistently remain one of rock's most innovative and enigmatic bands, justifying praises from the press including "Sonic perfection", and a description of their latest release, *Priest=Aura*, as "an album of sounds that caress the senses".

...Australia's prime psyche-rock exports return with their charmingly vague ramblings and dreamy guitar washes in what is unquestionably their loveliest work since 1986's *Heyday*

NOW notes, April 2, 1992

Musically, the band hasn't sounded this good since their "Heyday" ...just when the album slips into lazy ambient soundscapes, they come up with pop like "Feel", recalling Kilbey's underrated collaboration with Go-Betweens Grant McLennan as Jack Frost last year. *Priest=Aura* is the best thing they've ever done

Eye Magazine, April 23, Jason Anderson



Includes:
RIPPLE • FEEL • PARADOX



Matthew Sweet

This is popera! raised to the level of artistry - a rock 'n' roll valentine that delivers subtle wisdom with an exhilarating kick.

Rolling Stone Magazine, Jan. 23, 1992, Paul Evans

The appropriately named American singer is this year's salute to the British Invasion. Simple, beautiful, Anglo-styled pop music which compares favourably with Big Star, Badfinger, The Shoes, The Raspberries, and every other band or singer ever mentioned in the same breath as the Fab Four

Globe and Mail Shortlist

...hard-edged approach to quintessential pop.

Vancouver Sun, Feb. 22, 1992, Greg Potter



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2 Unlimited

• Get Ready

Finally a debut album from the creators of "Get Ready For This" and "Twilight Zone". A full-length techno-dance-o-rama treat.

All

• Percolater

They can't spell, but what the hell. One of the leaders of the LA area power-punk scene release another gem. Always a big draw here in Vancouver, this release is sure to be a hot item.



Primus

• Miscellaneous Debris CD EP †

Outtakes and covers by this punk/funk outfit from the Bay Area. Primus recently tore up the Dennis Miller show — now you can have them in your living room, tearing up XTC's "Making Plans For Nigel", among others.

Ride

• Twisterella CD EP †

A four-song EP featuring "Twisterella" from the album "Going Blank Again", and three non-album tracks. Sure to appeal to fans of this great band.



Gwar

• America Must Be Destroyed

This import version features three tracks censored from the Canadian release. Don't let bozos tell you what you can listen to, get the real thing. Go to the June 6th show at the NY Theatre, get wet, scare your parents.



Spiritualized

• Laser-Guided Melodies

Jason of Spacemen3 releases an album of droning, Velvet-Underground-esque kinda stuff. Mikey loves it. Get hip to the trip.



360's

• Supernatural

On the heels of one of last year's finest releases, "Illuminated", this band of crunchy guitars and female vocals drops another load of cool tunes. For fans of Smashing Pumpkins, Velvet Crush, etc.



Various Artists

• Virus 100 Compilation

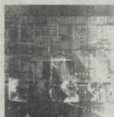
A tribute to the Dead Kennedys that features NoMeansNo, Faith No More, Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy, L7 and other luminaries performing their favorite DK tunes. A cool way to add new life to some classic tracks.

Front Line Assembly

• Mindphaser CD EP †

• Tactical Neural Implant

Trent Reznor's favorite band — Vancouver's own agro-dance music. Somewhere in this crazy town Bill and Co. continue to churn out definitive dancing and thinking music for the techno-vacant 90's.



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